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## THE WILD GARDEN.\*

The dictum, "It is all a matter of taste," has in it that *souçon* of truth which may be found in many an accepted saying. It is true so far as it goes, but that is only a very little way. The canons of taste are the verdict of centuries of cultivated thought devoted to a given subject; and, though no one can be denied the right of private judgment, the balance of truth will generally incline towards the experts. Their opinions have already been sifted and over-ruled or modified; and to set aside their garnered wisdom is an enterprise not lightly to be undertaken.

Our love of flowers has a long pedigree, for though the gardens of the Romans were laid waste during the barbarism which followed their departure, the gardener's art was revived by the Church. War and rapine—with the necessity of protecting rather than embellishing the narrow precincts of a stronghold—were the employment of the laity. But within the peaceful walls of the monastery the gentler arts found a retreat; and the work of acclimatization was carried on with zeal

and intelligence. It was not until Tudor times that they could emerge into the world once more. It is to the stately decorum of those days that the school of art appeals. But if Bacon discourses rapturously of "Prince-like gardens," Linnæus wept with delight at the first field of gorse which he saw in bloom. If the creation of a garden be an attempt to enhance the beauty of the world, there is room for all sorts of gardening; and if there be any spot from which the turmoil of controversy should be excluded, it is here. When Epicurus planted a garden, his design was not to provide an incentive to disputation, but a needful sedative.

How completely this principle may be overlooked is manifested by the first two of the books before us. Possibly it were unreasonable to expect an architect and a landscape gardener to see with the same eyes; yet there should be an intimate sympathy. The finished picture should lie before the mind's eye of the architect; but years before the first stone is laid, the trees and shrubs, which are to be the main features of the garden, should be started on their career. The quarrel might well have been avoided had each author known better how to entrench himself within his position and recognize his limitations. The "garden enclosed," with its

\* 1. *The Wild Garden*. By W. Robinson. Fourth edition. London: John Murray, 1894.

2. *Garden Craft, Old and New*. By John D. Sedding. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1895.

3. *Wood and Garden*. By Gertrude Jekyll. London: Longmans, 1890.

ordered grace and sweetness, is not necessarily a "stone yard," a mechanic's playground, a Dutchman's fad; nor, on the other hand, does freedom from the trammels of art imply a wilderness. On one side there is the disciple of Nature, to whom the plumb-line, the shears, and the foot-rule are anathema; on the other there is the trained artist, with his quick sensibility and reverence for the antique beauty of a state-lier time, to whom a garden represents Nature glorified by its passage through man's mind—the living memorial of a dead past. To one the "Immortal Brown" is the apostle of a nobler and a living creed. To the other he is a barbarian, who would wheel away the very gods of Greece.

Happily, the dispute is none of ours. We are not called upon to walk with Bacon and Temple and Evelyn among their pleached alleys, dappled with tender gloom, nor to appraise the motives of those who swept away their work. It is to Nature, a more exacting mistress than either, that we are called upon to do homage. The true gardener must possess the attributes of both the poet and the artist; and accordingly both factions have laid claim to their advocacy. Milton, Herrick, Herbert, and Donne are suffused with garden imagery. But before we descend to Thomson, as the propounder of a naturalistic style, it must be remembered that it was among the woods and by the streams that Chaucer and many another English bard loved to go a-maying. Gainsborough's school undoubtedly had its influence; but the landscape gardeners—pioneers of the Wild Garden—cannot boast of having infected the national taste with their love of scenery. For, co-existing with the extreme of artificiality in garden craft, there ever lingered in the English character the love of woodland, flower and field. Our climate may be *toujours affreux*, but it is favorable to scenic

effect. "There are loftier scenes," as Hawthorne says, "in many countries than the best that England can show; but for the picturesqueness of the smallest object that lies under its gentle gloom and sunshine there is no scenery like it anywhere."

Before passing to the general consideration of our subject we must notice one of the latest contributions to the swelling tide of garden literature. The pleasant scenes which the author of "Wood and Garden" conjures up before her readers' eyes have the merit of realism, being a record of work achieved. The catalogue of failures, of which works of this nature too often consist, may provide amusement to some and afford a warning to others. But they suggest the inquiry, Why not subordinate your hopes to the conditions under which you have to work? Success is, on the whole, a healthier diet than disappointment. Miss Jekyll pays a just tribute to the influence which Mr. Robinson's publications have exercised upon the art of gardening; yet, while disclaiming any desire to rival the plant-lore collected in his works, she gives horticultural hints which the tyro will welcome and the expert will not despise.

The assumption that we have seen the last of the dreary formalism of the Interregnum is to bury the dead past too summarily. It ignores the caprice of fashion, against which even a thing of beauty cannot strive successfully. The value of varieties is in no way called in question by suggesting that a novelty is not necessarily more beautiful than the type, while it is very commonly inferior in hardihood. There is true enthusiasm for the beautiful in Miss Jekyll's work, and there is a clear perception of the fact that in proportion as the gardener makes this his aim, he will contribute to the world's happiness and to the restfulness of his own spirit. "Sweet peas on tiptoe for a

flight" need not be grown prosaically between rows of sticks; and if "the ruling grace" that tended Shelley's garden was too ethereal for mortal imitation, her spirit still haunts the gardener's ideal.

The reaction against the traditional formal garden set in during the early part of the eighteenth century. Increased formality—and that often of a vulgar and puerile character—had come in the train of the Dutch dynasty. The work of the great masters of their craft had been debased in its passage through feeble hands, and fell a ready prey to the destructive criticism which was the fashion of the hour. Horace Walpole had little difficulty in bringing ridicule upon the taste which condescended to embellish our gardens with "giants, animals, monsters, coats of arms, mottoes in yew, box and holly." These were the stock-in-trade of the London gardeners of the day, who dealt in "fine-cut greens and clipped yews in the shape of birds, dogs, men, and ships." Pope lent the aid of his rally, and the tribe of critics and essayists extolled the charms of Nature, which were not powerful enough, however, to entice them from their congenial coffee-houses. The world seems to have grown captious and to have outlived its enthusiasms as we contrast the well-poised phrases of Addison with the joyous outburst of Gerard: "Go forward in the name of God; graffe, set, plant, nourishe up trees in every corner of your ground."

Revolution was in the air. There was a craving for deliverance from dogmatic laws. Had the apostles of freedom been prepared with a new and positive faith to take the place of that from which they emancipated themselves, all might have been well. But so intent were they upon destruction that irretrievable mischief had been wrought before the task of reconstruction could be undertaken. Opening out,

pulling down, and levelling were their watchwords; and the result was the bare even surface which taxed all the ingenuity of those who undertook to repair their errors. It is curious to note the enthusiasm with which the new ideas were hailed. Brown—acclaimed "the immortal" by his contemporaries—was their chief exponent. To him and his coadjutor Kent is due the destruction of many of the most finished specimens of formal garden craft which ever adorned a country.

A little more Nature might have been admissible, but not the drastic remedy of wheeling away terraces and walls, and laying open the "garden enclosed" as a foreground to the distant landscape. When this change had been effected it was found too often that the landscape was not Nature. It bore the mark of man's handicraft—the only difference being that it was of a coarser character. It needs the kindly *Heimweh* of an American to find sanctity, as Hawthorne did, in an English turnip-field. It was quickly discovered that our forefathers valued a screen for other reasons besides the peaceful seclusion which it afforded. Hence arose the necessity of making Nature. Rocks, mounds and lakes had to be improvised, which failed of their effect because they were not in keeping with the surroundings. Expenditure the most lavish, and taste the most consummate, can never cure what we term Nature's defects.

That our gardens were not more entirely wrecked in their transition from Art to that parody of Nature which was substituted for it is due to the genius and perseverance of Humphrey Repton. It is indicative of his liberal mind that having begun by blessing he came near to cursing. He inveighs bitterly against the puerilities perpetrated by Brown, whose habit it was to destroy the natural contour of the ground by lowering every hillock and

filling every hollow, and who—such was his penchant for what in this sense may be properly termed “artificial water”—ventured to excavate his lakes without any regard to the naturalness of the situation. Repton’s philosophic mind divined that the old must be blended with the new. Instead of trying to teach Nature better ways, he took her into partnership. His catholic taste appeals to us from his pages. His drawings, in which a plan of the new grounds fits over the old—with spaces cut out to show such portions as were to be retained—prove that, like every true gardener, he had a picture of the future in his mind’s eye.

How difficult was his task may be gathered from the frequent references to the obstacles which he encountered. It must be remembered, too, in appreciating his work, that his best designs were often marred by the mischievous intervention of his patrons. Not unnaturally he demurs to the dictum that one who is always on the spot must know best. If so, a constant attendant is, in time of need, a better adviser than a physician. In the advertisement, which explains the scope of his treatise, published in 1803, he says:—

So difficult is the application of any rules of Art to the works of Nature that I do not presume to give this Book any higher title than “Observations tending to establish fixed Principles, in the Art of Landscape Gardening.”

And he adds:—

In every other polite art there are certain established rules or general principles to which the professor may appeal in support of his opinion; but in Landscape Gardening every one delivers his sentiments or displays his taste as whim or caprice may dictate, without having studied the subject.

To prove that Art and Nature are not

irreconcilable, it may suffice to summon one typical witness, of whose inborn sensitiveness to every phase and mood of Nature it were superfluous to speak. Read Wordsworth’s idea of a garden, and mark how fairly he, who in garden craft was the equal of Bacon and Evelyn, could hold the balance between the rival schools. In a letter to Sir George Beaumont, quoted by Mr. Myers, he says:—

Laying out grounds, as it is called, may be considered as a liberal Art, in some sort like poetry and painting, and its object is or ought to be to move the affections under the control of good sense, that is, of the best and wisest; but, speaking with more precision, it is to assist Nature in moving the affections of those who have the deepest perception of the beauties of Nature.

We have noted the disestablishment which overtook the old English garden—reform degenerating into iconoclasm; the attempts, always unavailing, to reconstitute the past; the chaos which ensued. We are still in the transition state, but that is the fashion of the day. Good may come of evil, but it behooves us to remember that the break-up of a system leaves us the difficult task of reconstruction without the aid of rules. The wondrous enthusiasm which shed its glamor over the garden in Elizabethan days has not spent itself. In our sober English fashion we still love flowers, though our praise takes something of that saddened tone which is appropriate to a disillusioned era. In the garden, at least, there is no room for despondency. The world’s floral treasures which have been poured so lavishly upon us are not yet exhausted. The horticulturist, at any rate, may view with complacency the opening up of China and the dark places of the earth.

The man of the world will see in all



this nothing but the swing of fashion's pendulum. But there are epidemics of sentiment as well as of disease, which have to be reckoned with. The weariness of life, which is affected by many, is felt in all its reality by the few. Man carries with him a double nature: the civilization of centuries co-exists with primitive savagery. The stronger the character the greater the impulse towards reversion. Minds of a primitive type decline to be "lulled by the singer of an empty day;" the trim paths of life irritate them. Such men as Rousseau, Gautier, and Thoreau might well be credited with this "yearning towards wildness." But Cowley spoke for others besides himself when he desired that his garden should be—

Painted o'er with Nature's hand, not  
Art's.

In the polished and decorous Addison we find an even more unexpected advocate:—

"I have often," he says, "looked upon it as a piece of happiness that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed anything the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason I look upon the whole country in springtime as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres."

This is, however, no disparagement of a garden. Burns took his walk to see the linnet's nest and the rosebud bending its thorny stalk. We would not outrage his artistic sense by turning his wild rose into a standard bud-budded with different varieties of the flower; nor would we affront Addison's cultured taste by overlaying Nature with Art. Who would not sympathize with Juvenal's lament over Egeria's fountain "prisoned in marble," or with Byron's delight at seeing the flowers

and ivy once more asserting their claim? If Nature is at times coerced, she revenges herself with a sweet willfulness. Many a ruin looks fairer in its decay than when it left the builder's hands. The Colosseum, before the archaeologists intervened, harbored four hundred and twenty species of plants. Shelley tells us how he found the inspiration of "Prometheus Unbound" "among the flowering glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming shrubs and trees" which had taken possession of the Baths of Caracalla. This is Nature's method, and man, if he is wise, will enter into partnership with her rather than competition.

Those who sigh for primitive wildness must seek it elsewhere than in cultivated England. The very aspect of our woods has changed. The forests among which our British ancestors wandered were of oak, birch, alder, and mountain-ash. The plane, elm, poplar and chestnut were unknown to them, and they never heard the bees drowsing among the lime blossom. Addison would have found the pleasure of his walk enhanced if, besides the cowslips and daffodils, which were the object of his quest, he had found the indigenous plants of some other country, or the flowers of another clime. The Scotchman in his exile loved his thistle, though it was not indigenous; and Cromwell was indebted to the American forest for his bergamots. Along the shores of the Mediterranean many a little clearing will be met with which recalls Virgil's exquisite picture of the wild garden and its lilies, under the rocky heights of Cebalia. The twice flowering roses of Pæstum would not have bloomed among the violets unless some hand had placed them there. All that the fastidious eye demands is that nature should not be made ridiculous by the introduction of incongruous elements or by inharmonious juxtaposition. In her own domain she must

reign supreme, under condition that she finds room for the beauty of other lands.

It would be too much to assume that the Wild Garden is dictated by our present phase of ennui. We may seek its origin more reasonably in our leaning towards freedom, accentuated by a revulsion from the uniformity of the day. The creation of a wild garden is an undertaking which may satisfy the ambition of the most adventurous. Here there are no standing rules, no handbooks, which, carefully adhered to, will ensure success. With a very moderate amount of knowledge and skill many square feet of cuttings and seedlings may be counted on. They will come in their appointed season. There is no question to be settled as to finding room in a crowded bed, or ousting less worthy occupants. Your plants can go at once into the home prepared for them and provided with every comfort. He was a reverent man who said, "God Almighty is my gardener. I merely put the things in. He makes them grow." When we come into the august presence of Nature we instinctively put aside the lofty talk about "flowering" a plant and then transferring it to the rubbish heap. Nature must be reverently wooed if she is to be won. When we note the perfection of her picture, we may well turn pupil instead of teacher. A well furnished bed of bloom rising out of the stark earth has as sorry an appearance as a room without a carpet. It is in the setting of her flowers that Nature chiefly distances the art of man. To provide that delicate net work of fern and grass and herb is a task of infinite difficulty. Where possible the original growth may be left undisturbed. Many of the sturdier bulbs may be dibbled in the turf, and peonies make a grand show in the tall grass; but too often the indigenous vegetation would starve or overrun the exotics. Before we lay our

favorites in Nature's lap, we must first ask Nature if she would care to grow them.

In our flower-beds each specimen is surrounded by its quota of bare earth; but in Nature's garden there should be no waste land—save under the deep shadow of an evergreen. The leafless season of the deciduous trees allows time for a crop of bulbs. Each spot should be a calendar of the seasons. By forecasting the blooming period it is possible to maintain an unbroken succession of blossom throughout the year. There will not be the brilliant outburst of the bedding-out system; but the result will please the fancy of those who subscribe to the old-world adage: "Use pleasure gently and it will last the longer."

Grouping is another "riddle of the painful earth," which must be studied thoughtfully. There are no unmeaning lines, no specimens dotted aimlessly here and there. Each species collects itself into a colony, whose form is dictated by the exigencies of the position. The colony is compact, but of irregular shape. The approach to it is often marked by outlying sentries—seeds carried by the wind or dropped by birds. But be the form what it may, it will be found worthy of imitation.

To attempt a catalogue of such plants as are suitable to the wild garden would be less serviceable than to indicate the general conditions which must be borne in mind. Nature cultivates the hedgerow and the ditch, the copse and the meadow, the brookside and the arid bank. What, then, are the limits of the wild garden? It begins where the last flower-bed spreads its trim beauty on the greensward, and it ends where the practised eye and the well-stored mind can find no further point of vantage whereon to place a flower. This will not be reached till many a year has slipped into oblivion. The time is gone, but the work remains,

and the world is thereby enriched. It may be said that this is mere naturalization. But to admit the imputation is to cast no slur on an art which tests the gardener's skill in the solution of problems unknown to the ordinary garden. His highest capacities are called forth by the effort to domesticate in the different parts of his domain plants and flowers of the most different provenance; and the variety of foreign plants is always on the increase. The Elizabethan gardener boasted of the many strange herbs which were "daily brought from the Indies, America, Taprobane, Canary Isles, and all parts of the world." Read Bacon's modest list, and then compare it with Loudon's, then carry the catalogue up to date, and we shall see the advantage at which we stand as to raw material. As England is an epitome of the world, so the wild garden is a miniature presentment of many lands. The unpremeditated art of Nature must be the workman's ideal; but though no trace of the hand remain, it should bear the impress of man's mind. It is nature's truce with man. She has condescended to heighten her beauty by a richer dress.

Beyond the fact that each is engaged in growing flowers, there is little in common between the horticulturist and the gardener—two terms which are often treated as synonymous. It is by the composition of the picture that the true artist is known. The eye of the artist and the mind of the poet must inspire the technical skill of the gardener if his work is to rise above the level of mediocrity. It is not the palette dotted over with patches of brilliant color that we admire, but the ordered harmony of effects. Naturalization, if we accept for a while the limitation, is not the haphazard introduction of exotics among our native flora. As to technical knowledge, it necessitates an intimate acquaintance with every flower we

handle, its preference for sunshine or shade, drought or moisture, its favorite soil, and its capacity for holding its own among indigenous rivals. This much may be acquired; but the æsthetic qualities which can weave a parti-colored mass into harmonious union are gifts, and beyond the teaching of books.

To begin with, we must discard the dogmatic laws of the garden; but such rebellion need not lead us astray. The character and variety of the flora within our reach will be mainly determined by the configuration of the land and its geological formation. Where a hanging coppice or a low ridge of rock—preferably limestone—falls gently to a river or marsh, nooks will be found which the practised hand will people with congenial plant life. Each rill which adds its tribute to the river may have its own flora, while by the alluvial soil which it carries down it prepares a bed for another group. The various exposures to sun and wind, which a broken outline affords, give climates so various that the vegetation of many latitudes may be collected within a limited area. There are spots in our southern and western counties where, among bay, ilex, laurustinus, myrtle and arbutus, no unworthy reminiscence may be obtained of the natural gardens which clothe the Mediterranean coast. Landor hated evergreens because they seemed to have no sympathy with Nature; but Emerson loved them for their snug seclusion. A holly glinting against the russet oak leaves needs no apology. It is no disparagement of our English woodland to say that it has an unkempt look after the finished beauty of more southern lands. The patriarchal husbandry of the Moor leaves a plentiful crop of iris and other bulbs to gem his fields, while the rocky background is covered with cistus. The meadows and corn-fields of Greece and Asia Minor are ablaze with color. The thistles of

the South American pampas, taller than a man on horseback, spread a mass of bloom like a heathery moor. These and like effects may be ours in miniature. The northern latitudes of the American and our own continent will supply all that we need for the bleaker spots.

The traveller will turn with a wistful sigh from scenes which can live only in memory. No human hand can reproduce the gardens with which nature decks her lordly domain—the gorgeous color which lights up the sombre depths of a tropical forest, the modest beauty of the verbenas and fuchsias of a cooler latitude, the brilliant bulbs of the Cape, or the tender bloom of oleanders filling a Spanish valley—yet these scenes will supply a picture lesson of the way in which Nature works. “*Ab uno disce omnes.*” Let the wayfarer in one of the forest states of North America emerge from a “pine barren” on to a cranberry moss. It is one of Nature’s water gardens, laid out on a scale and with surroundings worthy of her. The yellow sand, redeemed from barrenness by the dark fir-trees, fringes the marsh. Beyond it, far as the eye can reach, stretches a waving sea of green—the stately heads of elm-trees and maples older than the Republic. The mass of vegetation which crowds every inch of the oozy soil is bewildering at first sight, but a detailed examination soon reveals many of our acclimatized favorites. It is from the marshy meadows and forest pools of the Eastern States and from the dank woods of the lake region that we have obtained the stately swamp lily and the golden club, the large yellow and the white water lily, pitcher plants, water arums and varieties of lady’s slipper—among them the lovely *nocassin* flower. Nowhere does the incomparable tint of the cardinal flower, beautiful alike in sunshine and shade, show to better effect than among the tussocks which fringe

some woodland stream—surroundings which are also only too well suited to the requirements of the rattlesnake.

The peat mosses and marshes of the northern and temperate latitudes have added much to our choice of subjects. Yet so rich is our native flora that, except for such exotics as the water-loving irises, we need not travel beyond our own border. There is often more difficulty in collecting on one spot our indigenous plants, scattered irregularly over the kingdom. Yet the result will repay the effort. It is not the paucity of plants, but the difficulty of selecting the worthiest, that embarrasses us. Among those which should find a place are the great water dock, the bullrush, *cladium mariscus*, and the *equisetum* known as giant horse-tail; some of the sedges, such as *carex pendula*, which are of a very graceful habit; the flowering rush, arrowhead, loosestrife, willow herb, monkshood, yarrow, meadow-sweet, water lilies, with their dwarf likeness, *villarsia*; bog arum and bog bean; marsh marigold, that “shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;” water violet, our native globe flower, and water *ranunculuses*, especially the indigenous *ranunculus lingua*, with its large, handsome, yellow flowers and bold habit. A rich drapery of ferns, notably *osmunda*, and such distinct grasses as *poa aquatica*, will suffice to complete the picture.

To pause here, however, will be to fail in doing justice to our opportunities. We have amplified with some detail the characteristics of the water garden; but space will not permit to carry this principle into other portions of the garden. The secret of success lies in noting the native flora which abound in a locality, and associating with them the exotics of the same species. With the meadow-sweets, for example, may be grouped the many beautiful varieties of herbaceous *spiræas*; with the yellow water-flag several of the foreign

lises. Many of our garden plants would thrive much better in the cool soil which borders a lake or river. Some prefer the brink, while the water itself is the natural home of others. To meet their respective wants three zones should be provided—an arrangement which will promote the growth of individual plants and add to the general mass of bloom. The beautiful Nile lily—*calla aethiopica*—is hardy in the south of England; so, too, is the Cape pond weed. The saxifrage known as “*pel-tata*,” from its shield-like leaves, and the pickerel weed of North America are noble plants. Gunnera, with its handsome rhubarb-like leaves, starwort, and many another plant will make an ample return for the consideration which gives them the opportunity they lack under the ordinary methods of cultivation.

It is inevitable that the lover of the picturesque should give his sympathies to the live fence, for which wire and iron railings are being so largely substituted. The enemies of the latter decry them, not unjustly, as forming a ladder to climb over, a lattice to look through, and as destitute of the prime essential of shelter. It is the disappointment due to the introduction into our hedges of such unsuitable shrubs as privet and elder, together with neglect in maintaining them, which has brought live fences into disrepute. But if properly formed in the first place of blackthorn, quick, or holly, they will justify the trouble by their utility, economy and beauty. It is the infatuation of rabbits for the bark of the holly which has deterred many from planting this—the best and most ornamental of fencing plants. Our hedges and banks form a garden which may be rendered more attractive than any artificial fence. They afford, too, a shelter which is invaluable. Here there will be a congenial home for colored primroses, polyanthus, cyclamens, Solomon's seal, the hardy gladioli, py-

rola, narcissus, snowflakes, fritillary, and many another. The wild rose and the sweet briar flourish on the top, while our native climbers take possession of the bank. No training can ever give to them the artless grace with which they arrange their drapery when free from restraint. In the company of traveller's joy and honeysuckle we may place several varieties of clematis, honeysuckles of other hues but in sweetness equal to our own, jasmines, vines, roses, and Virginian creeper. The difference between their beauty in such a spot and that of their garden rivals may be tested by comparing a well-trained vineyard with an old vine wedded to an elm-tree in primeval fashion.

A glimpse at a New England wood will show how we may enliven our own coppice. The ground is brightened in spring by dog's-tooth violets, hepaticas, Solomon's seal, blood-root, gold-thread—so named from its yellow roots—and the lovely wood lily. If these plants can endure the climate of Massachusetts, what may not we accomplish? It is true that in their own country the heavy mantle of snow preserves them from the alternate coaxing and freezing which is the vice of an English winter; we must therefore remedy the drawback by allowing Nature to take care of her children in her own untidy way. “Tidiness” is the bane of plant life. To remove the leaves from a bed at the approach of winter is to shear a sheep at Christmas. From the artistic point of view it may be doubted whether the bare soil, dotted over with frost-bitten plants, is a more cheerful sight than a carpet of dead leaves; but even if it be so, let consideration for the flowers, which need our best help in their season of distress, incline the balance in their favor. There would be something ludicrous, were it not painful, in the annual digging-over to which shrubberies are subjected. The “rough



pruners" go before to clear the way, and the diggers follow. Behind them is a desolation like the track of a whirlwind. The wasted effort bestowed on this destruction should be given to encouraging the many dwarf and creeping things which cover the nakedness of the land.

Happily, in the wild garden we may defy conventionality unreprieved. In our capricious climate cover is needed long after the calendar proclaims the advent of spring; and if March delays to sweep away the last of the litter, Nature will soon draw a mask of green over her untidiness. It is under these conditions, in the half-shade and shelter of a deciduous coppice, that the lillium auratum, the panther, with some of the other lilies, and not a few of the most beautiful irises, develop to perfection. Here, too, should it not be indigenous, we may naturalize the lily of the valley and Solomon's seal—seen at its best when lifting its graceful head out of a carpet of wild hyacinth.

Forest trees are beneficial to some flowers from the partial shade they afford; but speaking generally, they are inimical to plant life. They exhaust the soil, and deprive it alike of sun and rain. The air, however, of antiquity which they lend should atone for these evils; the inconvenience should not be removed by cutting them down. "Thank goodness, it takes three centuries to grow an avenue of oaks," was the consolation of the guests who drove home down the newly-planted avenue of a plutocrat, who had entertained them at dinner, and had overdone the ostentation. Evelyn regrets that men are more prone to cut down than to plant, and relates with approval the anecdote of Ulysses, who, returning from his wanderings, found his father planting a tree. Being asked why he did so at his age, the old man replied to his unknown visitor: "I plant against the day when my son Ulysses comes home."

The author of "Silva" might well turn his delightful pages with increased pleasure when he remembered the millions of trees which its advice had called into being.

Where planting is necessary, the configuration of the ground should be accentuated, not minimized. The taller trees should be placed on the high ground, and those of more moderate growth be reserved for the valleys. The contrary method is productive of tameness by equalizing the level. It was the belief of Kent and Brown that the "works of Nature were well executed, but in a bad taste." Their mania was for levelling, for producing a smooth bare surface, whereon to reconstruct Nature; our effort should be to reverse their process; the essence of the wild garden is that it leaves Nature intact in all its essential features. Nature should not be forced, says Sir William Temple; "great sums may be thrown away without effect or honor, if there want sense." Nor should the eye be forced, for, as Repton points out, "The eye of taste or experience hates compulsion, and turns away with disgust from every artificial means of attracting its notice." We are bidden to believe that every ornament of a woman's dress is a survival of some article of use. A bridge should be so placed as to cross the water; and roads should follow the lie of the land, and not meander from sheer imbecility. So, too, everything should be congruous to the scene. A Chinese shoe will not fit an English foot, and a pagoda is an anomaly in an English landscape.

An eye for form as well as color is indispensable for successful planting. A bold effect, ably conceived, will be lost if the site be chosen without judgment. The little bays formed by trees and shrubs should not be blocked by a mass of tall flowers. The intrinsic beauty of their form will not, however, be marred by a carpet of dwarf vege-



tation. Erect, stiff plants should not occupy the ridge of a bank while the shrubs which have drooped over it are relegated to positions where their tendency becomes an eyesore. Nature loves mystery, and a glimpse of color through the brushwood is often more attractive than an unobstructed vista. Plants lose by repetition, especially if they recur at measured distances. The habit of the eye is to take in one object at a time, and it should not be distracted. A group of lilies against the dark foliage of an evergreen needs no adjunct. The sum of the matter is that the eye unconsciously searches out points of vantage. It should be the effort of forethought to see that it has a pleasing object whereon to rest.

If it be true that every woman who puts a ribbon in her bonnet incurs a responsibility to society, a similar remark may be made of the world of flowers. The laws of color must remain a sealed book to those who are afflicted with color blindness. There are others who in dress, in furniture, and even in the arrangement of a bowl of flowers, show a nice discrimination, but who seem to leave their taste behind them when they close the front door. A pattern-bed might be made much more effectively in any other material than flowers; and in that case its designers would produce a work of art. Yet a violent contrast of crude color seems to cause them no pain; and, because it is consecrated by custom, the regulation red, blue, and yellow of geranium, lobelia, and calceolaria is held to be a pleasant relief to the eye. But when did Nature ever grow a formal mass of scarlet or crimson and fence it in with a thin blue line, and then in sheer willfulness balance it by an equal quantity of yellow? "God Almighty planted the first garden," and somehow in her painting of coppice or moor or meadow Nature never goes wrong. Here we shall obtain lessons in

color, more easy of appreciation than the laws laid down by art. Nature employs a bold contrast at times, but her rule is harmony; and much of the secret of her success lies in the abundant drapery of green by which she veils and softens her colors.

The association of such flowers as tritoma and the rose-colored Japanese anemone, and a delicate harmony chosen from the perennial phloxes, make a pleasing blend as summer wanes. Then pass from the sunlight to some cool glade in the coppice or shrubbery, and mark the effect of "Honorine Jobert," the white-flowered Japanese anemone, gleaming against the dusky shadows, the appropriate home, throughout the changing seasons, of lilies of the valley, monkshood, columbine, and larkspurs, of white lilies, ferns and saxifrages—not one of which seems out of tone. Here it must be remarked that not every flower which a delicate sense of color would place in the half light is patient of this treatment. The tender yellow of some of the evening primroses is beautiful as they open in the twilight; but the plant loves to bask in the sunshine. As the low-toned flowers suit the shade, the warm yellows, scarlet, crimson, and orange, are enhanced by the sun's rays. In a climate such as ours, masses of dead white should be sparingly used. As a relief to the darker purples and lilac their employment is desirable. Simplicity and broad effects should be the object aimed at, a result obtainable by the massing of kindred tints.

"I like your essays," said Henry III to Montaigne. "Then, sire, you will like me—I am my essays." And what is gardening but a series of essays, written in the book of art and nature? Here, as elsewhere, the style is the man. When Bacon pauses in laying out his artificial garden to ordain that there should be "mounts" whence to look out on the distant country, and

a "desert or heath" planted "not in any order," he proves that the world had not been able to kill all the wild joy of Nature. But it is where man is left alone with Nature that the impress of his individuality is chiefly apparent. Here the eye for form and color must make good its claim under new conditions, and bold effects take the place of the niggler's puny scroll-work. It is the best of a man's intimacy with the lore of Nature and of the accord which subsists between them. And—so the *genius loci* be not disturbed—the man who grows two flowers where one grew before is a benefactor to his kind.

We need not fear the development of that bucolic mind which is said to come of turnips and fat cattle. Diocletian could wield the Empire of Rome, and Cromwell a kingdom which was somewhat akin to it; but both loved their flowers. As the Laureate said recently of Burns: "One hand on the plough and the other on the harp, that is the ideal life." The busy hand that plants in hope or succors some sufferer, leaves the mind free. From Bacon's stately eulogy to the last essay on gardening—commendable for its spirit, if not always for its literary merit—there is evidence of the same constraining impulse to give thanks for an indwelling source of happiness. We may feel with Renan that the task is not a thankless one: "*La fleur, c'est l'acte d'adoration que fait la terre à un amant invisible, selon un rite toujours le même.*" In the wild garden there is no room for ostentation and that desire to distance one's neighbors which is beginning to take the zest out of honest employment. The varying conditions which dictate and make possible a wild garden scarce invite comparison. Here

there are no carnation clubs, nor the latest rose, restricted by a fancy price, so that the wealthy may boast for a year or two of its exclusive possession. Here we need fear "no enemy but winter and rough weather"—no competitor but Nature; and we may disarm her by turning pupil. "Nature is commanded by obeying her."

That a garden is the last retreat of the solitary and the sad, is only a fraction of the truth. To the motley crew of her worshippers' the Court of Flora is always open, and, best of all, to the poor. The man who feels that his "craving for the ideal has grown to a fine lunacy," may plead that he gardens for something to do; but in truth he only obeys the law of his birth. Those on whom the sweet compulsion is laid must needs comply. And if it be true that no bad man loves flowers, may we not learn a whole sermon full of charity when we see that Puritan and Cavalier, Tory and Radical, meet here in the truce of God?

There is an underlying meaning in the saying that flowers grow only for those who love them. We will not press the thought beyond the point to which any one would wish to carry it. If we deny humanity to what we call the inanimate world, we may translate it into our dealings with what some deem the only creatures of God's hand. The blessing is on him that considereth the poor; and the poor are the weak. The eye that is quick to note, and the hand to aid, will carry the habit beyond the precincts of the garden. Where compulsion hardens or sours, the sunshine of sympathy will develop. It may be said this needs much knowledge. So does knowledge of character; and how few of us are really developed. What

<sup>1</sup> The devoted gardener, who wishes to know what has been said or sung by a multitude of authors—ancient, mediæval, and modern—about his favorite pursuit, will find ample encouragement in Mr. A. F. Sieveking's book, "*The Praise of Gardens*" (Dent and Co.), a second edition of

which, recently published, has come into our hands since this article was put into type. The new edition contains so much fresh matter (including especially an historical "Epilogue," with many illustrations of "formal gardens") as to be almost a new book.

was destined for a goodly plant too often grows dwarfed or awry. Consult their tastes; for tastes, to those who have them, are the requirements of healthy life. Place them where they are "happy," *i. e.*, where Nature designed them to be, and, having marked the result, apply the same treatment to the human plant. Take some clytie from its gloomy corner and place it where it can turn lovingly to the sun god, and let some modest flower that droops beneath the glare of day seek its congenial retirement. Of those which were killed by misapprehension of their needs, or which never knew what it was to live, we can only say in hope:—

"In Eden every flower is blown."

For ourselves, if we are wise, the  
The Quarterly Review.

mournful song of Horace will be often in our ears, "*Linquenda tellus.*" We must leave our earthly home; and if none of the trees we tended so lovingly follow us to the grave except the cypress, what of that? The heir may not be ungrateful. Some sap of the old stock may flow through the branches, and he may have noted that we cherished with especial care some tree that a dead hand had planted. We need not be greedy of statues; our memory is a living one. The seed we have sown will not perish from the earth; for when Nature, half reluctantly, resumes her wonted course, she will gather in her nosegay the flowers we brought her. "Now they are dead," says Victor Hugo, "they are dead, but the flowers last always."

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## THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.\*

BY PETER ROSEGGER.

The priest, Wolfgang Wieser, having incurred the displeasure of his bishop, owing to his advanced views on certain subjects, is assigned to a remote and obscure parish among the mountains of Styria. He learns that his predecessor died insane, but for a long time is unable to discover the cause of this.

The following extract is made from his daily journal:

September 13.

At length I have made the discovery. And have learned more than any one else in the world about my predecessor. O Heavenly Father, what a terrible fate!

On the eve of the feast of the Nativ-

ity of the Blessed Virgin, a beautiful night in early autumn, while I was quietly saying my prayers, my elbows happened to press a little harder than usual on the lid of my desk. It cracked with my weight, and something within gave way. One of the little partitions had started; by the light of my candle I discovered a secret drawer and saw a manuscript.—He preserved the seal of confession inviolate, but here I am not the confessor, and incur no censure. And so I have read this tale of the past, and not closed my eyes the entire night. He intended to commit this to the flames, but his summons came all too soon. I place it in my journal.

THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

It was nineteen years since I visited the shire town, in fact not since I had

\* From "The Eternal Light" (*Das ewige Licht*). Translated for The Living Age by Hasket Derby.

completed my studies. For this reason the opportunity of going there, when it offered itself, had a special attraction for me. In my little parish there was nothing to hold me back, and I felt that the old dweller among the mountains might well play the part of a townsman for three days. A niece of mine had married a merchant, and they were bound to have the ceremony performed by their relative. After the wedding the young couple started off on a journey, and I found myself quite alone. I had not many acquaintances there, and the few I had I did not care to visit. A country parson leads his own life and finds himself ill at ease among the city people; after all, this is nothing to break one's heart about. Well, said I to myself, you can loaf about for a day, see what there is to be seen and then start for home; but in five minutes a fox would cover more ground than I did all one day in the town. Rain! I was in the middle of the street and there came a downpour. Should I seek refuge in an inn? Or in a café? Neither would do for me. Then I saw people crowding into a great building. What is there in there? I asked, for I could easily see that it was no church. O, it was the county courthouse, and an interesting case was being tried to-day. You had best go in, I thought to myself; it will serve to pass away the time till the train goes. Was the thought inspired from above? Or was it wanton curiosity on my own part? A man standing at the bar of justice ought not to be regarded as a spectacle good for killing time.

Once in, I pressed forward and got up to the railing, as far as it was possible to go. There, in front, stood two of them with black plumes in their hats and long knives, pointing straight upwards like blades of grass. And between them the poor sinner himself, his hands clutching a crucifix. From the mountains, as I saw by his jacket,

otherwise I had no knowledge of him. The man filled me at once with pity, he seemed so utterly crushed! His face looked as if he were dead, and stood there a corpse; great pearls of sweat were on his brow. But the eyes yet alive and cast about, as if imploring aid. A man still quite young, and this hour is to decide the question of his life. The gentlemen read a while from written papers, then they talk a while, when they read again, and it seems the man has actually murdered an old woman. He was after money. He says No and No, he never did it, as sure as there is a God in Heaven! Of course that did him no good; what does a denial amount to! Such proofs! That very evening—it was Easter Saturday—he is seen going from his sawmill along the path leading to the old woman's little hut, and no one saw him come back that evening. The next morning some one going by to church looks in at her window, to see if she will come along, and sees her lying on the middle of the floor in a pool of blood. Struck down, as they show, by some blunt instrument. By her side a blue pocket handkerchief also bloody; it belongs to Tobias Steger—that is the name of the accused—his prayer book, too, is found in the hut. They send for him to the church and take him away in the middle of the High Mass. Traces of blood are found on his working-clothes. Right and left he makes denial; he talks about having the nose-bleed; the old woman looked after his washing and mended his clothes; that that was the reason why he was there, and that was the reason his bloody handkerchief was there, and his prayer-book, between the leaves of which he had placed the florin to pay his washing with, he had absent-mindedly left on the table. To the question how long a time he had spent at the hut that evening, he replied: quarter of an hour or more, he could not say exactly; she had counted up his

shirts, handkerchiefs and socks, and talked away about the pride shown by the women who were now wearing silk aprons. Then the question, where had he gone when he left the hut? for he did not come home! Yes, he had gone to the Easter bonfire on the mountain. At the Easter bonfire, it was represented to him, a great many people were present, but no one had seen him, and at the time of the preliminary inquiry he had been unable to prove where he had passed the night. On searching his chest old silver money is found. This had come to him from his deceased grandmother. And there was in his chest a silver necklace, which was recognized as the property of the murdered woman. One of the links in this chain, said Tobias Steger, had been broken and the old woman had begged him to repair the damage with his own hammer, he having been sometimes in the habit of doing such little repairs. And thus he had had an excuse for everything, and made a great outcry at the imputations that had been brought against his good name, and then he wept so bitterly that it would have moved a very stone. But none of this did him any good. No one else suspected, and so many proofs against him, that I think within myself: Poor fellow, for God's sake make a clean breast of it! And at the end, when the district attorney and the judges entirely overwhelmed him, he lapsed into silence and sat on his bench, a huddled mass of misery. He would admit nothing. Anxiety and fear came upon me, and I would fain have prayed God to grant the poor sinner the grace to confess his guilt. The jury bestir themselves and prepare to consider their verdict. Yet again I hear names mentioned, among them that of the murdered woman. Maria Schmulbacher, commonly called the brook-house woman of Schwarza. The name is familiar to me; how can this be? Maria

Schmulbacher—the brook-house woman of Schwarza—Merciful Jesus! why, that is— And a memory comes over me that should for all eternity have been buried, buried, deep as they bury the dead!

Somewhere about three or four months ago it happened, on Ascension Eve, a man wild and excited came to my confessional—he revealed to me that he had murdered the brook-house woman of Schwarza. I had already heard of the murder. The one who knelt before me was a distant relative of hers, on his father's side, a native of Schwarza. And he owed the brook-house woman three hundred florins, but had given her no security. His day's work brought him in but a scanty pittance, and his father had done the brookhouse woman many a kind turn, and the money, after all, belonged to him; but she meant to sue him for it. On the holy eve of Easter, as he had to pass by her house on his way home from wood-cutting, she thought suddenly occurred to him: she is all alone, go in and pay her . . . With the back of an axe he did it; he had no idea how the grace of God could so suddenly have left him, and most humbly he besought penance and absolution, for his heart was sorely troubled, and he wanted to make it all right again with the Almighty. Thus said the penitent in the confessional. Well, I laid the case plainly before him. I told him never to dream of receiving absolution until he should have delivered himself up into the hands of justice. I set before him the fearful retribution that awaited him in the next world, and he arose and went his way. A few days afterwards I learn that the woodcutter Hoisel looks so sick and goes about apparently overwhelmed with despair. I am on the point of visiting him in his hut, up in the hazelwood, and pleading with him all that a man can plead.



Then I hear that he has gone away, no one knows where. Such people excite little interest; they are now here, now there; he has already more than once been lost sight of for a considerable time.

All this flashed through my mind at this moment in the court room, as terribly as it might on the judgment day. The judges and the jurors have already gone forth; in a few minutes they will come in again and condemn this man, Tobias, to death. And I know that he did not commit the murder. I have leaped over the railing; the officer has sought to hold me back; I have said: I must see the gentlemen immediately; it is a matter of life and death! I hurry through a narrow passage, my collar suddenly flies open, and I regain my senses. You are a priest! The secret was imparted to the confessor! My hand already grasps the latch of the judges' chamber, but I start back as if I had received a buffet in the face. The seal of confession!

As if spurred to flight, I rush down the steps and make for the station. A train whistles for starting; I ask not whither it is bound, jump in and off it goes. The seal of confession! When one has knelt at your feet in the confessional, whatever he has confided to you, be it what it may, is no affair of yours; you know nothing about it. For the confession is not made to you—to you, an erring man, whose judgment may be at fault, may misapprehend, may be swayed by your own passions. It is made in the ear of the Eternal God, the Three in One. God has heard it. He knows both innocence and guilt. His power to save the innocent is almighty; mortal man has no part in it! I sought to compose myself with this reflection, but the poor soul, deadly pale, standing at the bar of judgment, is ever before my eyes; and he can offer no proof, and they hold him to be guilty; and that is all they know, and I know, and I am a

grave. Hard by in the carriage sits a woman with two frolicsome children. The three-year-old girl makes up to me, puts her little hands on my knee, looks up at me out of her great lustrous eyes. I try to greet her with a smile—and I am not a man, am nought but a grave. Almighty God! Will not sometime the graves open at Thy call? Is it not Thy will that innocence shall prevail? Dare not I be the instrument whereby Thy will is wrought? Mayhap at this very moment the verdict is being rendered; yielding to the might of erring men, the poor soul mounts the scaffold; his last thought, the last cry of his heart in this life is despair, perhaps blasphemy of a righteous God. And I know all, and I cannot help the innocent from becoming a victim, the judge a murderer! And I roll through this fair and lovely land as if the whole were none of my business. Wrought up to this pitch, I spring up and try to find the signal for stopping the train. Is not a man's life at stake? But I find no signal; I no longer know what to do; I tear open the door, spring out on the step, hear a shriek from the woman and am lying on the gravel.

When I have come to myself again the back of the last carriage is all I see of the distant train. I imagine it is standing still in order to pick me up. I climb down the bank and direct my course toward the town. The people in the street stand still, and probably think within themselves, What's the matter with the parson that he runs so fast? When I come to the courthouse the people are streaming out, all wearing an expression of content; he is sentenced! sentenced to be hung!

I force my way in and up the steps. They meet me half-way—he in their midst. His eyes weep no more, his mouth twitches no more, his features are as rigid as the heavy fetters on his hands. I rush up to him: "You are innocent, do not despair, I will help you!"



He begins to tremble, his knees will not support him; I have no longer any time for him; tear on to the judges. They think their day's work is over; are just taking down their overcoats from the hooks. "Oh, gentlemen," I cry, imploringly, "dear gentlemen, it is all wrong. It is all wrong." I can utter no more. They look at me and they bring me a chair, and they inquire what it all means? I clasp my hands before them and am unable to say aught, save the same thing over and over: "He is innocent!"

But how did I know that? Could I bring forward proof?

Great God in Heaven, no! I dare not; I have already said too much.

Then the matter is a secret of the confessional?

I have covered my face with both of my hands. I would have done better if I had not come; I sought to get away. They detained me, with cool cloths wiped away the drops that stood on my brow, put questions to me—and I was compelled to be silent. And now I must put it down on paper, for else I cannot bear it, and then burn it up. Let it burn, like a poor soul in purgatory.

And in the same hour the court came to the following conclusion. The priest's seal of confession, which is in all probability here concerned, is inviolable. But so, too, is a judgment of the law, once formulated. The proofs of guilt are, in fact, indubitable. The sawmill owner, Tobias Steger, has been declared guilty by the jury by a unanimous vote. But perhaps an exercise of the pardoning power of the sovereign may change the sentence of death into imprisonment for life. If it be ever possible to disprove the evidence given, time may bring this about.

A stern decision, and yet I left the place somewhat consoled. I induced them to let me visit the condemned cell, uttered words of consolation to the

poor sinner, and told him that I was convinced of his innocence and would never rest until it was brought to the light of day. Meanwhile he was to bear his hard fate with patience, and reflect that he was thereby making amends for other sins, such as every man has committed, remembering that it is a special proof of God's love when he makes us suffer our purgatory in this world. "I am in truth innocent," he loudly asserted at the last, "but I had never imagined that so much comfort would be my portion in my darkest hour!" He seems to have a good heart. Supposing that this man were married! And the happiness and honor of wife and child perished on the same scaffold! Heavens, how terrible is fate!

Then I journeyed home. My people there were astonished that I should return from a wedding in such low spirits. I keep on the track of things and learn that the court is investigating afresh. But nothing new is learned, while previously known facts are corroborated; for instance, a hammer, bearing marks of blood and rust, is found under the bridge, hard by Tobias Steger's house. With this the murder might well have been committed. It moreover turns out an assured fact that on that Easter eve Tobias, contrary to his statement, was neither present at the Easter bonfire on the mountain, nor yet was in his own house. On being hard pushed he stated that there was a girl who knew his whereabouts that night, but he would not give her name.

About this time I began to institute a careful search after the woodcutter Hoisel. A dealer in cattle gave out that he had seen him at Liesgau, where a railway was being constructed. I was anxious to get there. But smallpox was at this time prevalent in Torwald, I was unable to leave, and one day I read in the paper, which they

sometimes sent me from the convent, that the death sentence pronounced against the murderer, Tobias Steger, had been approved; his Majesty wished the law to take its course. And the people are heard to say that the brutal murderer only gets his deserts; and that the severity of the monarch is perfectly justified by the many murders that always ensue on a pardon. For one entire day, mayhap for several, I went about as one in a dream. It was said that the people shook their heads and opined that they could no longer make anything out of the pastor.

Then I pen a letter to the High Court of Justice. In the name of God and of justice, I implore that the sentence against Tobias Steger may not be carried out, but its execution postponed, until the proofs of his innocence be collected. I shall soon have them; I offer myself as responsible for Steger. I have no knowledge as to whether the letter reached its destination. I received no answer. Ought I, perhaps, to have applied to the court in person? Of what use would it be when my lips are sealed? And if I disclose the facts then I am a priest no longer, and my statement is of no more value than that of any other man, of no weight because incapable of proof. In the wide world no other course is open to me than to hunt up Hoisel, and induce him to give himself up. Once again I write to the court; I implore a delay of but fourteen days!—And next the journey.

This journey I shall never forget. I disguised myself in such a way that I, Steinberger, might have passed for a schoolmaster on a vacation tour. And to my parishioners I said that the autumn was so fine I would go off and see my relatives. To be sure, my housekeeper inquired of me how I happened to have relatives all of a sudden. I grew rather confused, and the people

shook their heads again. In God's name, I took up my staff.

The weather was fine, the country beautiful. What avails that to a man who carries a dead weight on his shoulders? I passed the first night at the house of a colleague at Haslau. We conversed on various topics, and in the end he must have inferred the nature of my trouble, for of a sudden he grasps me by the hand and says: "Ah, my dear friend, ours is a hard calling!" Nothing more.

On the evening of the second day I am at Liesgau, where they are building the railway. There is a stir, indeed! They are turning the whole country inside out like an old coat; it is just as the Bible says: Every valley shall be filled, every hill shall be brought low, the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places smooth. But the sort of salvation that is to ensue on this, I am not anxious to encounter. Everywhere men with shovels and crampirons, with wagons and cars, explosions in all directions, as if it were Easter Sunday, and when I survey the dirt piles and ditches and walls I think within myself: if these people knew as little as I do, there would not be much of a railway here. I go round among all the workmen, but find no Hoisel. On making inquiry, they refer me to a woman. She had been living with him; perhaps she knew something about him. A great, red-haired creature, with brawny limbs and a voice like a man's. When I question her about Hoisel, whose real name is Matthias Spatzel, she laughs and says that if he has not hanged himself he must have entered a monastery. He had worked on the railway for a few weeks; she had lived with him because he had money. When this had been frittered away, she sought to exchange him for a more cheerful companion; but Spatzel, who was a regular crank, would take up with no one; he caught the praying fever, paid

his devotions to every wayside cross, and finally disappeared. He had doubtless already got what he deserved. That was all she knew, and she only put up with a praying chap till she could find a better man. In many ways, however, he was not half a bad fellow. Her frankness certainly left nothing to be desired. A dreadful woman!

So there I was left standing and at my wits' end. When among the railway workmen my hair used sometimes to stand on end; a country parson, living quietly among his peasants, knows little of what is going on. Never would I have supposed that the good God took in such different kinds of boarders. To be sure, books tell us a good deal, but that things were as bad as all this, and that they even boasted of it, like the Pharisee of his virtues, without the slightest sense of shame or regard for Christianity—that I would never have believed. The night that I had to spend in the workmen's barracks caused me to go through fire and water. My spirits did not begin to rise till I had turned my back on the place, and was climbing up towards the mountains where peasants and shepherds live. And it was on this very way that I found a trace of Holsel. It leads up among the mountains to the pilgrimage resort called "Holy Water."

In a village inn, which I entered, I found a newspaper lying on the table. I did not have the courage to look at it for fear it might contain the intelligence of his execution. I call for paper and pen and write to Tobias Steger, telling him for God's sake to keep his courage up, that there was one who was working day and night to save him. And when I shall at last have found Holsel, will he go with me? Will he confess his crime at the bar of justice? Will he do that? I trust in God; all is in His hands.

At the same inn I got additional intelligence. Some pilgrims enter; they

come from the votive church at "Holy Water," which is situated in a mountain ravine, three hours' journey farther up. To that place has come a hermit, who acts as sacristan, lives on the alms of the pilgrims, sleeps on a cold stone, and does works of penance like a saint. His name, too, was known to my landlord, for the church stands in his pasture ground, and he himself has got the man his place. It is in very truth Matthias Spatzel, commonly known as Holsel. I had already several times heard of the little church at Holy Water. Once a year there is celebrated there a great feast, to which the people throng from far and near. And priests come who hear confessions. As a place for confession it has a great reputation, and it is reported that at Holy Water any priest can absolve from any sin. It was never known that a sinner left this favored spot without having received absolution. At least, if any one had been in this case he would not be likely to have told of it. Such a belief well accounts for the great crowd that attends the feast. The rest of the time there is no priest at the church, but there are almost always a few pilgrims; they go there, say their prayers, wash at the waterfall, offer a trifling sum, and then with spirits comforted start for home.

Well, he is up there; I climbed along. The scenery grew quite wild; grim and gaunt are the rocky walls, and it takes a steady head to climb along the tracks left by the chamois. Turning at length sharply around a projecting rock, one hears the roar that comes out of the mountain gorge; this frowns darkly above us, an icy wind issues forth, and from leap to leap a snow-white torrent tears down the gorge. Many a fir-tree that can no longer retain its hold, and is on the point of toppling over, clings to the sides. On the rocky bed where the great waterfall is, there is room for perhaps a hundred people to stand,

and there, built right against the wall of stone, stands the church. It is built partly of rough stone, partly of boards painted red. It has a little pointed tower, and even a bell hangs in it. On one side, wedged in a stony cleft, is a hut constructed of logs rudely piled together and strips of bark, and roofed with thatch. Below it falls away an abyss, God knows how deep, its sides overgrown and covered with hazelbushes and alders. Over against it are the riven walls, from which the eternal roar of the rushing water is eternally re-echoed. The gorge from which the water comes contracts itself above so as to nearly form a cave overhung by the rocks. Behind, they say, there is ice. This is the aspect of the place, which may well please Holsel more than his own home.

Out in the open and resting against the rock are three or four confessionals, the last so near the foaming cataract that it is all damp. Yes, indeed, think I to myself, here a man may confess his most secret sins as loud as he likes—they would reach God's ear alone. Well were it if some other priests had their confessionals thus near the waterfall.

I stand a while looking about me at this gloomy place, and have laid eyes on no living being. Evening is drawing on. Behind the gray mountains soar aloft three towering crags; they are still tipped with sunshine. The church door seemed to me at first to be closed, but it is half open. I enter; the chapel is like that of all other places of pilgrimage; above the primitive altar in the recess stands an image, so rudely carved that I am unable to guess what saint it is intended to represent. I now observe, close behind the door, a second altar of small size, with an old image of the Mother of God. Two candles burn before it, and in front of it kneels a man whose back is turned towards me, and who does not notice me. Because his head is

bowed forward and his hands folded together, I fancy, at first, that he is praying—soon I see that he is counting some copper money that he holds in his hand. And it is my Holsel from the hazelwood. Pretty ragged, indeed, bristly and brown, but still easily recognizable. On getting sight of me he quickly conceals his money in a bag, acts as if he had finished praying, and makes the sign of the cross, and gets up. I call him by his name; he sees who I am and is overcome with fear. I manifest no surprise, simply say that it has been a hard climb up, and ask him if he can take care of me over night. He does not say yes, and he does not say no. He looks at me as if trying to make me out. My face is so like that of the priest at Torwald. Then he tells me he will gladly let me have his bed if it is good enough for me. Besides, he has to go down to the valley this very night to get some things for next Sunday. For he does a small business in brandy, and his store is nearly out; he has hardly enough left to offer me a small glass.

He seemed to be in such a hurry that we should part company again, that I felt I had better begin at once.

"Matthias," say I, "we are old acquaintances, and ought to have a little talk together."

And when I have got him so far as to sit down by me on the door step, where there is a fine view out over the wild mountains, and where we hear the roar of the waters somewhat more faintly, I tell him that I have come this weary way entirely on his account. Perhaps he can tell why, but he is not to be frightened.

"I cannot guess why," is his answer.

"Man! Why do you seek to deny what you once admitted to me? That my lips are sealed, you know full-well; were it not for this, perhaps some one else would have climbed up here after you."

Thus did I seek to get around him, but the sly fox was perfectly aware that it makes a great difference whether one speaks of a thing in the confessional or out of it.

"Do you not know, Matthias, that another man has been put in prison for the murder?"

He shrugs his shoulders.

"And do you know, too, that that other has been condemned to death, and is to be executed in a very short time?"

That hits him.

"Jesus! Jesus!" he screams, and springs up. "I know it all. I have not a minute's peace—I pray and do penance—but nothing is of any use. Must I go distracted?"

He rushes towards the abyss; I hurry after him.

"Oh, my God!" he groans, and draws his sleeve across his forehead. "The horror of death! And then hell! Hellish hell! Rather would I face the judge."

Now that he has shown himself in his true colors, my regard for him returns. I take him by the hand; it is icy cold.

"Matthias," I say, "the man is a fine fellow and is young. I have been to see him. His heart is sick unto death at the idea that he is to end in shame. But of one thing I am sure: you are having a harder time than he. His pain is purgatory, and yours hell, which has begun for you in this world and will never end, never for all eternity. But courage! You can change the whole thing! It will be as if you had leaped out of the flames into cooling oil, if you only free your conscience—if you go of your own accord, give yourself up, and set the innocent free. And that, my dear Matthias, will be a work of deliverance for which God will reward you, while the people will say: Only see, Hoisel has a good heart after all! But there is no time to be lost; I say to you that tomorrow it will be too

late! Not for Steger, for he will be in heaven, but for you, for you! On the judgment day the murdered man will stand at your side!" And inasmuch as at this moment the rocky peaks shone in the twilight like molten iron, I add: "See, man, creation itself shows forth what you have done and what you bear in secret; there it uplifts its fiery fingers and swears that God will be your judge!"

His breast begins to heave convulsively. He covers his face with both his hands.

"How could God have so forsaken me!" he groans. "I never meant to do it. The brook-house woman! To sue me! And the devil thrust a stick into my hand. What I have been through since, my good pastor! Twice, thrice have I started to give myself up. I cannot, I cannot! The dreadful gal-lows!"

I only give a laugh, as though it were the easiest thing in the world, and say:

"They surely will not kill you if you give yourself up; I know that for certain. It may be you will only be convicted of manslaughter, who knows? You will be put in prison, have to work, expiate your crime; your conscience will be at peace, and God will be good to you. No, poor Matthias! Go not down from a hell in this world to one that never ends!"

Thus did I speak with him; then on a sudden he rises up straight like some strange creature and says:

"What are we gabbling about, sir? There is nothing in the thing. Nothing in it."

And then I fall on my knees before him and adjure him to think on his parents, on all his dear ones who have died. This moves him once more and he shakes his head. His eyes rove around, and I can see that he is thinking of escaping. And so I play my last card, which I had hoped not to have been obliged to use.



"So it is all of no use, Matthias; and yet I have tried to stand your friend. Now listen to what I know. The whole thing has come to light; they are approaching this place from several directions in order to secure you. They must very soon be here. You cannot escape them, and then your life will have been thrown away. Man, you have your life and your salvation in your hands! At the cost of sore fatigue I have got here ahead of them; give yourself up voluntarily, and you are as good as saved."

This falsehood has a great effect. He begins to tremble, and begs of me that I will not forsake him. He will go with me; I will bear him witness that he goes of his own accord.

Thereupon he has extinguished the tapers before the Blessed Virgin, and has called out to the picture: "Pray for me, Our Lady! You know how much I have done in your honor! Good night, Mother! If things go well with me I shall not be stingy!"

Then we set out to clamber down in the night—there was a moon—and on we went and ever on. Neither of us tires, and Holsel now and then seems to be in quite good spirits and is very careful to guide my steps where the way is bad. God's grace has touched him, I think within myself. Ever and anon he says: "If only they do not catch us before we get there. How much farther have we to go?"

At early dawn we are in Liesgau. There we rested for half an hour at an inn. If the railway were only completed, I thought; on foot we cannot reach town before tomorrow noon.

"They will be sure to catch up with us," says Holsel, again and again.

Then a whole day's tramp along the hot road. I have a constant terror lest the man repent and run away. But the fear of capture and of the gallows, which in such a case is sure to be his doom, has bound him firmly to me. If

there had to be a falsehood told in order to save Steger, one can only say in this instance: God's decrees are inscrutable.

The evening of the same day we reach an inn of large size, on the highway, with a mill attached and with tall mountains rising up on either side. At supper I espy a weekly newspaper that lies on the table. And in it I read:

"On September 30th, at six in the morning, the execution of the murderer, Tobias Steger, takes place in the courtyard of the county jail."

On September 30th! That is tomorrow! Tomorrow morning at six o'clock!

I hasten to the landlord. "Can a conveyance to town be had here?"

Yes, one might be had.

"At once? This very instant?"

The horses had been ploughing all day and would have to rest a little. "No matter. Harness up at once! How far is it to the town?" Well, says the landlord, it is a good way, the road bad, up hill, down dale. No one ever did it in less than nine hours.

"Sir, we have got to be there in eight hours, in seven hours! No matter what it costs. A man's life is at stake." And I whisper in his ear as much of the story as I dare.

At first the landlord stared me irresolutely in the face. The landlady is from Alpenzell, and recognizes me as the pastor of St. Mary's; thereupon they harness hastily. Half past eleven at night.

O, this night! This ride! I kept my legs pressed hard against the front of the carriage, as though this made us go faster. Never in my life such an agonizing night. At six o'clock. They are exact. The devil rides in front of the clock hand!

At two we are at the inn on the top of the pass. The driver wants to rest; we are eight minutes ahead of time. Forward! I begin to gather courage,



and arouse myself. My Hoisel is silent and sits with hands folded. Praying? Asleep? He leans against the back. The most stylish ride he ever had in his life. I have hung my coat over the window, I cannot bear to see the dawn. It lasts forever and forever. How my temples throb! My head feels as if it would burst. I am sick unto death. Can Tobias Steger be undergoing greater suffering? God help us! It begins to grow light. The carriage rolls over a long bridge. The river! We are nearing the end. I tear the window open. In the red of dawn the great building, the jail. Through a sideway there— Hoisel springs out and scuds across the fields. I, after him, catch up with him by the river; he shrieks "I cannot!" falls fainting to earth. His life buried in this stone

grave, he cannot! I fling him over my shoulder—forward! The outer gate is open, people hurry out and in—soldiers, officers, men in dress suits. I, with my burden, burst into the courtyard. There on the tower the clock face—

Quarter past six—

These are the notes of my predecessor, Johann Steinberger. There were several more leaves, mixed and confused. He talks about the night journey. The wagon goes to pieces. They mount, Hoisel on a white, the pastor on a black, horse. Up to the gallows, round and round, like circus riders. And then come such exclamations as: "Murderer in ermine! Knew he was innocent and had him strangled!"

Poor, faithful Johannes, sleep in peace!

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### THE CASE OF FINLAND.\*

The angle between the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland is a flat region of lake and forest-covered land, stretching back to the vast plains of northeastern Europe and Siberia, and fringed by innumerable rocky islands. This is Finland, containing 144,211 square miles, or about one-fifth more than Great Britain and Ireland, with a population in 1897 of 2,527,801, a figure which seems moderate for the area, but is really large when we consider the barren soil and severe climate. The mass of the people are Finnish, and speak that language, of which the affinities lie outside the Aryan or Indo-European system; the rest are racially Swedes, an overflow from Sweden,

which, in past ages, brought with it Christianity and a higher degree of culture. But a long enjoyment of liberty has raised the one people to the level of the other; they are bound together by a common sentiment of nationality, and their two languages are on an equal footing in state, church and school. There is thus no distinction between them in the bitterness with which they feel the attacks made on the Finnish constitution by Russia, or in their determination to defend that constitution by all the means in their power. In Esthonia and Livonia, on the other side of the Gulf of Finland, attempts at Russification may have been aided by agrarian dissension between

\* Finland and the Tsars, 1809-1899. By Joseph R. Fisher, Barrister-at-Law. London: Edward Arnold. 1899.

The Reply of the Finnish Estates, adopted at the Extraordinary Diet of 1899, to the Proposals

of His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas II. Grand Duke of Finland, for a New Military Service Law in Finland. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1900.

the higher landed classes, descended from the knights of the Teutonic Order, and the peasantry, of an extraction more or less akin to that of the Finns. But in Finland no such handle existed, and perfect unity has been displayed in the trying circumstances of the last two years.

The cause of Finland has excited deep interest in England for two reasons. First, nothing can be more opposed to English habits of action in our Empire than the Russian policy of forcing all the populations subject to the Tsar into one type of language, religion and institutions. Whether the language to be discouraged is Polish, German, Lettish, Swedish, or Finnish; whether the religion to be strangled is the Roman Catholic or the Lutheran, and whether the institutions to be wiped out more or less nearly resemble our own, the nation which has allowed free scope to the French element in Canada, and to the Dutch element in the Cape Colony and Natal, must always sympathize with the type which asks nothing more than the chance of maintaining itself in a fair field without favor. Nor does it count for nothing in our sympathy that the type which struggles for existence is Western, while that which seeks to extirpate it belongs to Eastern Christendom. I hope that I am far from underrating the latter. Russians have been among my valued friends, and even without personal knowledge of them, only a narrow mind could doubt that Eastern Christendom must have its contribution to make to the more perfect Europe of the future. But in building up that Europe our part is that of Western men, and when other Western men, from Poles to German Colonists on the Volga, find themselves met by superior force, instead of by healthy rivalry, that blood is thicker than water will be found true of moral as well as of physical affinities.

The other reason for English sympathy with Finland is, that there a constitutional liberty is at stake. It will be interesting to many if, instead of reading mere denunciations, they are accurately informed how that liberty agrees with and how it differs from ours, how it is attacked, and how it is defended. The sources named in the note at the beginning of this article, as well as others which have been placed at my disposal, enable me to present the following condensed account.

Finland was not separate from Sweden, as Scotland and Ireland not only formerly were from England, but have continued to be in important matters ever since the respective legislative unions with them. Finland, indeed, bore the title of a Grand Duchy, and there was occasionally a governor of it; but the Swedish kingdom on both shores of the Gulf of Bothnia had one Diet and common laws both in church and state, a circumstance which must have greatly helped towards that cohesion between the different races in Finland which has been mentioned. The Finns were not subject to the Swedes, they were included in the Swedish nation. Therefore when Russia took Finland from Sweden she took a country with old and recognized boundaries and title, and a people who carried with them their attachment to that entity, and at the same time carried in their hearts the principle of national government embodied in the Diet and the other central institutions in which they had been partakers. Alexander I drew from that root a Diet and central institutions as like those of Sweden as circumstances permitted. He encouraged the Finlanders to continue their national life as though Sweden had been torn from them instead of they from Sweden. He made Finland a state separate from the Russian Empire, though indissolubly attached to its Crown and

sharing all its foreign relations, and by the Act of Assurance of 15—27 March, 1809, he declared that:—

Providence having placed us in possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, we have desired hereby to confirm and ratify the religion and fundamental laws of the land, as well as the privileges and rights which each class in the said Grand Duchy in particular, and all the inhabitants in general, be their position high or low, have hitherto enjoyed according to the constitution. We promise to maintain all these benefits and laws firm and unshakable in their full force.

By this treatment Alexander disarmed the opposition which the Finlanders had maintained against his invading forces. The Diet which he assembled at Borgo on the old lines swore

To have and to consider as their lawful authority the great puissant prince and lord Alexander I, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias and Grand Duke of Finland, and to keep inviolable the fundamental laws and the constitution of the land, such as they are now adopted and in force.

And not until he had thus acquired the title to the allegiance of the Finlanders which he preferred, did Alexander, on 17th September, 1809, conclude the peace with Sweden, by which the international title to the territory was ceded to him.

The constitution mutually guaranteed by the Grand Duke and the Diet is chiefly to be found in the two great Swedish fundamental laws of the preceding century, the Form of Government of 1772 and the Act of Union and Security of 1789. These two documents were mentioned in the report of the constitution made by M. Rehblinder to Alexander before he signed the Act of Assurance. They were mentioned again in a report made to Alexander in

1811 on some instructions not conformable to them, which he had given, and which he withdrew in consequence. And in 1809 Alexander II referred to them emphatically when he gave his sanction in the following form to the law concerning the Diet passed by that body:—

Reserving for ourselves our right as it is defined in the Form of Government of 21st August, 1772, and in the Act of Union and Security of 21st February and 3rd April, 1789, and remains without express modification in the present organic law of the Diet, we approve and sanction this organic law of the Diet as an inviolable fundamental law.

Resting on these bases the constitution may be described in general terms as reserving the powers of legislation and taxation, otherwise than by the imposition of export or import duties, to the Diet in conjunction with the Sovereign, and confiding to the latter the supreme judicial and executive authority, to be exercised in conformity with the laws, but not shackled by any responsibility of himself or his Ministers to the Legislature. The Sovereign, however, was assisted by certain central bodies, in the place of which the Diet of Borgo created a single body with the title of Council of Government, changed in 1816 to the Imperial Senate of Finland, which consequently is a supreme council, both judicial and administrative. And the power of legislation for which the concurrence of the Diet is necessary must not be understood quite as we should understand it in England. It is limited to such enactments as are called in Swedish *lag*, etymologically "law," while in "cases of order and economy" the Sovereign with the proper assistance, now in Finland that of the Senate, can make what in Swedish is called an *administrativ förordning*, usually translated "ordinance."

There is no express enumeration of the cases which may be treated as belonging to order and economy, and which, therefore, fall legally within what is often styled the Grand Duke's economic or administrative legislation; but in practice that power includes police and sanitary matters, the press, the university and other educational establishments, insurance business, the post office, and, of course, the organization and conduct of state departments, and the administration of the domains, railways and canals of the state. No ordinance, however, can conflict with or involve an alteration in the provisions of any law passed by the Diet, even although such law may deal with a matter which could have been originally regulated by ordinance; and the fundamental laws provide that whenever "a new legislative question arises" it shall be dealt with by the Diet and not by ordinance.

Lastly, Section 45 of the Form of Government of 1772 allows the Sovereign to impose levies for military service and new taxes, in case of "such disaster as that the realm were attacked by armed force . . . but as soon as the war ceases the estates must meet and the new charges imposed on account of the war must cease immediately."

From this sketch it will be seen that the Finnish constitution closely resembles what the Tudor Sovereigns understood to be that of England, or tried to get accepted as such. It gives a measure of liberty which, before the nineteenth century, was rarely surpassed except in republics, but not one incompatible with the Grand Duchy's co-operating cordially with the Empire for the best development of both, and for the international interests which the

great Empire was charged with managing on behalf of both.<sup>1</sup> For that purpose nothing was needed but loyalty on both sides, and on the side of Finland a hearty loyalty was aroused by the generous conduct of Alexander I, and has continued down to the present Emperor's manifesto of February, 1899, unshaken even by the sufferings which were caused to the Grand Duchy by the operations of the allied fleets on its coast during the Crimean War. How, in late times, a want of loyalty has been displayed by Russia, will be told later. To recount, first, how the compact was observed by a series of Tsars will serve as additional testimony to their being nothing unworkable in it.

In 1810 Alexander I drew up a secret rescript for the guidance of a new governor, Count Steinhell, who was a stranger to the country, and wrote in it: "My object in organizing the situation in Finland has been to give to the people a political existence, so that they may not regard themselves as subject to Russia, but as attached to her by their own evident interests; and for this reason, not only their civil laws, but also their political laws have been retained." In 1811 he voluntarily restored to Finland the province of Viborg, which Russia had held under cessions made by Sweden to Peter the Great and the Empress Elizabeth; and in one of the documents connected with that restoration, a secretary having inscribed it as made to the Grand Duchy of Finland, "*incorporé à notre empire*," Alexander, with his own hand, struck out those words.

The Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine had sanctioned the scheme of an independent Finland as a buffer state between Russia and Sweden, but the discontent of the Finlanders at their coun-

<sup>1</sup> The word "empire" is used in this article in the narrower sense, which would have been expressed by "kingdom" if the sovereign of Russia had been a king. The Finlanders do not hesitate to describe their country as forming part of the

Russian Empire in the larger sense, analogous to that in which we speak of the British Empire. The distinction could be expressed in Germany by *reich* and *kaiserthum*, for which there is but one word in English.

try being so often made the theatre of war had never ripened into any active steps for realizing that scheme. The freedom granted by Alexander I fell, therefore, to a considerable extent within the lines of traditional Russian policy, a circumstance which must have helped to carry it successfully through the period of political reaction which followed that of his liberal impulses. No Finnish Diet was assembled for more than half a century after that of Borgo, the laws at that time not providing for any stated summoning, but leaving it to be summoned by the Sovereign at his discretion. Nicholas I, however, repeated on his accession his brother's guarantee of the constitution as all succeeding Emperors have done. And when, in 1827, he made an ordinance admitting persons of the orthodox religion, naturalized in Finland, to hold office there, contrary to Section 1 of the Form of Government of 1772, which reserved the service of the state exclusively to Lutherans, he recognized in the preamble that a law passed by the Diet would have been required, but said that he judged it indispensable not to delay the reform until a Diet could be assembled. Nor is it now on this ordinance that the matter rests, but on the law of June 11th, 1889, regularly passed by the Diet, which opened all public functions to Christians of all denominations. Again, when a committee, appointed by Nicholas in 1835, on the civil laws and procedure of Finland, reported that certain amendments were desirable in the code of 1734, which had been passed by a Diet and therefore could only be altered by one, he directed that the code should be left untouched, and that only the administrative ordinances should be revised. It is true that some of the ordinances made by some of the Grand Dukes are difficult to reconcile with a limitation in cases of order and economy, but such occasional deviations in ill-defined

detail cannot outweigh the repeated acknowledgements that the Sovereign's power of enactment is not unlimited.

The Diet was recalled to active existence by Alexander II, and its power enlarged. By the Form of Government of 1772 the estates could originate bills as well as deliberate on those presented to them by the Sovereign, but their initiative in legislation was taken from them by the Act of Union and Security of 1789. In his speech on opening the Diet of 1863, the Emperor Grand Duke announced his intention of restoring it, except for changes in the fundamental laws, the initiative of which he reserved to himself. And this was effected by Section 71 of the law of 15-27 March, 1869, duly passed by the Diet and sanctioned by Alexander, which is called the Law of the Diet, and regulates it at some length. The old division into four estates—nobles, clergy, burghers and peasants—is retained, but—

It is expressly declared in the Law of the Diet of 1869 that the members of the different Houses represent not the interests or privileges of their Order, but those of the Finnish nation. Members duly elected may not decline to serve or to attend the Diet except on the ground of old age or ill health. There is no direct payment of representatives, but the elected members are entitled to claim from the district they represent an allowance to cover their travelling expenses and the expenses of living while attending the sittings of the Diet. A member neglecting his duties may be punished not only by the withholding of this payment, but by fine. Freedom of speech is guaranteed, and since 1886 each member has the right to bring forward for discussion in proper form, by motion or petition, subjects of public interest. Representatives who are not members of the National Church are not permitted to take part in any proceedings relating to the affairs of that Church.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Fisher's Finland and the Tsars, page 139.



The estates must be summoned to meet in ordinary session, according to the Law of the Diet, at least once in every five years. The Emperor may also summon a special Diet at any time. . . . There is a special election for each Diet. . . . The House of Burghers is now composed of the representatives of the towns. Originally representation was confined to members of the trade guilds, but by the Law of the Diet in 1869 the franchise was extended to all householders; and ten years later it was still further extended to all urban ratepayers, except nobles, clergy, soldiers, sailors, and so forth. The town representatives are elected directly, in the proportion of about one member for six thousand inhabitants. In the Peasants' Order, on the other hand, the elections are indirect, as is the case in many Continental countries. Each commune chooses one or more electors, according to population, and these electors assemble in each district to elect a representative on the Diet. The rural franchise is still somewhat restricted, being confined to landowners and the tenants of the Crown lands and domain lands. As, however, the vast majority of the peasants own their farms, the number excluded is not great. Every Finnish citizen of twenty-five years and over, and belonging to a Christian Church, is eligible for election in the Order to which he belongs.<sup>3</sup>

The concurrence of all four Orders is required for the alteration of a fundamental law, the imposition of new taxes, or fresh expenditure; for ordinary legislation a majority in three Orders is conclusive. And in certain cases "the committee whose report is in danger of falling through is strengthened by the addition of sixty fresh members" (Mr. Fisher should have said "brought up to the number of sixty members"), "fifteen from each House, and this 'strengthened committee,' as it is called, is empowered to decide

the question without debate, and without its being referred back to the estates." "It appears that for this purpose the majority in the strengthened committee must be one of two-thirds if the concurrence of all four Orders would otherwise have been necessary, but that a bare majority suffices where only three Orders would have been required. And it scarcely needs to be added that the work of the Diet requires the sanction of the Emperor Grand Duke, who, however, cannot alter it, just as is the case with the British Parliament and the Queen, except that in Finland the sanction is not always given, and has in any case, to be delayed for that examination of the matter which the presence in Parliament of the responsible advisers of the Crown renders unnecessary in England at so late a stage.

Such is the body on which is now laid the burden of defending the Finnish constitution, and a word must be said of the people whom it represents. The character of Finland or Finnish subject, as distinct from that of Russian subject, is known to the laws both of the Grand Duchy and of the Empire, and even Russians who desire to possess it must be formally naturalized if they do not acquire it by domicile. This is in accordance with the fact repeatedly recognized in official documents, that Finland is a state and not a province, and with the language of Alexander I, who, writing in French, as he was accustomed to do, spoke of his new subjects as *citoyens de la Finlande*.

It was early seen that legislative questions must arise interesting both the Empire and the Grand Duchy, and in Article 218 of the Russian Statute of 1826 on the Ministries, while no attempt was made to detract from the legislative autonomy of either country, provision was made for mutual com-

<sup>3</sup> Fisher's Finland and the Tsars, pages 135, 136.

<sup>4</sup> Fisher's Finland and the Tsars, page 138.



munication in such cases between the authorities of the respective countries in preparing the legislation for each. This system, which was completed from the Finnish side by an ordinance of 1891 to a similar effect, has been applied, and has never been found insufficient. But when the military legislation of Finland, which, of course, furnishes a striking example of common interest, and was settled under Alexander I by the Diet of Borgo, required remodeling in consequence of the great military changes throughout Europe, General Millutin proposed to deal with it in an autocratic manner. Alexander II rejected the advice, and the result was the Military Service Law of 1878, duly passed by the Diet, and of which several sections were directed to be regarded as sections of a fundamental law. "Later," says Mr. Fisher, page 151, "when further changes were being made in 1891, General Vannoffski, Minister of War to Alexander III, made a somewhat similar suggestion [to that of his predecessor], which met with the same fate." These proofs, however, that whatever was really necessary could be obtained by legal and constitutional means from the loyalty of a free people, failed, as we shall see, to satisfy the spirit of Russian military autocracy.

Before the next trial was made that spirit had been reinforced by the equally baneful one of racial and religious bigotry. The leading controversialist of that school on the Finnish question, Mr. Fisher tells us, was the late M. K. Ordín, whose book, "The Subjugation of Finland," was published in two volumes at St. Petersburg in 1889. His thesis, scarcely conceivable in the face of the express testimonies quoted in this article, was that there was never a guarantee to Finland of her political, but only of her civil laws, and especially of the Swedish code of 1734. And of his arguments, so far as Mr. Fisher de-

tails them to us, which is at considerable length, the least bad are, that in the Act of Assurance, which has been quoted above in a translation from the Swedish version, the Russian version has "subjects" instead of "inhabitants," and "constitutions" instead of "constitution!" And this while the Tsar, with his own hand, substituted *habitans* for *sujets* in the draft of the speech with which he was to close the proceedings of the day on which he signed the Act, and in several later documents, in Russian, used "constitution" in the singular!

The present Diet was opened on January 24th, 1899, and on the 26th it had before it two government bills, prepared in pursuance of the desire of extorting a complete army corps from Finland, one on obligatory military service, and the other on the organization of the troops. They were sent without discussion to committees, that course being prescribed by the law of the Diet for bills which affect fundamental laws, as these did. The committees had not reported, and consequently it did not appear how the bills would be dealt with, when the imperial manifesto of 3-15 February, with annexed statutes profoundly altering the Finnish constitution, was issued. These had been prepared by a commission presided over by the Grand Duke Michael Nicholalewitch, and of which General Bobrikoff, the Russian governor of Finland, and M. Pobledonostseff, the well-known campaigner for Russification, and for the propaganda of Eastern orthodoxy, were members. Though dealing with matters of common interest to the Empire and the Grand Duchy, they were not even prepared in accordance with the statute of 1826 for such cases, the regular Finnish authorities not having been consulted about them. They create a class of laws entirely new, "laws which are applicable throughout the whole Em-

pire, including the Grand Duchy of Finland," for there has hitherto been no common legislation, as for two states there could not be, and these words for the first time treat Finland as part of the Empire. A single procedure is laid down for the enactment both of the laws of that new class and of "the laws which are applied only within the limits of the Grand Duchy, in case they touch the common interests of the Empire, or are connected with the legislation of the Empire." In this procedure provision is, indeed, made for obtaining the opinion of the Finnish Senate, and in some cases that of the Diet; but those opinions may be disregarded, and the enacting power is reserved for the State Council of Russia. And in the manifesto the Tsar says:—"We have found it necessary to reserve to ourselves the ultimate decision as to which laws come within the scope of the general legislation of the Empire." Thus the necessary participation of the Diet in legislation is swept away, for every case in which the advisers of the Emperor may be able to find something which they can assert to touch the interests of Russia, a category so large that, if the manifesto and its statutes should be maintained, the remaining power of the Diet will probably be but small. And be it small or great, after the violation of the guarantees given during a century to the constitution, it can only be felt to be held on sufferance.

In pursuance of the manifesto and its statutes the Diet was expected merely to give an opinion on the military bills laid before it, but on 27th May it made the reply mentioned in the note at the beginning of this article, in which they were dealt with as in the exercise of its usual legislative functions. In this remarkable document the right of the estates to participate in legislation was vindicated in a manner which must command the entire and unhesitating assent

of every fairminded person who studies the historical facts, even in the summary of them which has here been presented, and still more in proportion to the greater detail in which he may investigate them. In the same reply the government bills were examined and rejected on their merits, while the views of the Diet on the particular subject were embodied in two other bills which were submitted for the Imperial sanction. The Tsar rejoined by a manifesto of 10-22 June, declaring the opinions of the Diet on the constitutional question to be unwarrantable, and announcing that its reply would be taken into consideration, in accordance with the February statutes, in the final drafting of the military bill.

The matter is said to be now before the State Council, presumably for such final drafting; but there is still room for hope that wiser counsels may prevail. There is room for sanctioning the bills sent up by the Diet without alteration, in which case they would become law in practical accordance with the constitution, or for sending them back for further consideration by the Diet. The Emperor is believed to have been most imperfectly enlightened on the real grounds of the pain and dismay caused by the February measures. When a memorial against them—in the spring of last year—received such a number of signatures, collected from every part of Finland by the most devoted exertions while in extensive districts the snow was still on the ground, the Emperor is said to have been moved to anger by the belief that he was personally mistrusted as a fair judge of what were questions of common interest, and what purely local questions to be reserved, as before, for the Diet. Surely it must now have been brought home to him that the objection to the February measures was not based on any personal mistrust, but on the fact that any such judgment as that which

they committed to him should have been deemed necessary, depriving the Finnish nation of their right as freemen to shape their own course. That right left them, there is no doubt that they will continue to co-operate sincerely in maintaining the international interests which they willingly leave to the determination of Russia, as they did when Finnish troops garrisoned St. Petersburg while the Russian troops were engaged in the Crimea. The Diet, in its reply, has offered to increase the active army from 5,600 to 12,000 non-commissioned officers and men, to extend the total length of service in the active army, and the reserve from five years to ten, and to sanction the employment outside of Finland, for the common defence, both of the army when not needed for such defence at home, and of the *Landwehr* for the defence of St. Petersburg. But if the right to shape their own course is denied them, the Emperor, even were he never misled in defining common interests, would be powerless, single-handed in the midst of his State Council, to save Finland from an injurious treatment of those interests. At the present moment Finland sees itself threatened by the government bills not only with an exorbitant levy of its youth, but with their being sent to perform their military service out of the country even in time of peace, with comrades whose language they will not understand, among a population whose habits and religion will be foreign to them, and without the influence of their own religious pastors to counteract the temptations incident to barrack life in

The National Review.

such circumstances. The same bills limit the abridgement of the period of active service which is granted to those conscripts whose educational standard places them in the first class, by the condition that they shall present a certificate of their knowledge of the Russian language; a knowledge quite unnecessary for drill with Russian words of command, and to which nothing parallel is exacted in Austria-Hungary, where the difficulties connected with an army composed of several races have to be faced in a far graver form, but are faced without partiality. Thus military service would be made a means of compulsion for spreading the Russian language in Finland, while young men of education in Russia, being placed under no corresponding necessity of acquiring another language, would be in a favored situation. What more striking object-lesson could be given of the ignorance of Finnish interests or the indifference to them—the effect must be the same whichever alternative we choose—which must continue to characterize the management of the affairs of Finland, and to damage that country both materially and morally, if the February measures should be maintained! If the Emperor cannot be induced to withdraw from the February position while the attachment of the Finlanders to his throne is unimpaired, another example will be given in Europe of the baneful effects of overthrowing an ancient constitution, and trying to base a brand-new order on the proverbially unsafe seat of bayonets.

J. Westlake.

## FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

A High Churchman was practically an unknown quantity in those parts when Bishop Walsham How first went to be rector of Whittington in 1851. The smallest innovations or improvements in a service, such as are generally accepted nowadays in Evangelical Churches, raised a storm of protest, and the ignorance displayed by newspapers as well as by private individuals is almost past belief in these days when we have been satiated with articles and correspondence on "advanced practices."

For instance:

A Wellington paper, commenting severely on the supposed ritualistic practices at Welsh Hampton, spoke of the Vicar as "practising the most unblushing celibacy."

The same paper, describing an evening service at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, spoke of the vicar as walking in procession with his curate from the vestry and then entering the desk and beginning the evening service, "or, as borrowing the language of these gentlemen we ought more correctly to say, evening matins."

A short time ago the Reverend James Hook, Vicar of Morton, was coming to see me by train. There were several women in the carriage, and one of them began to talk to the others about Whittington, asking them if they knew what shocking things were done in the church there. She then said she once went into Whittington Church and saw the host on the altar. There were great exclamations of horror, when Mr. Hook quietly looked up from his paper and said, "I beg your pardon, what did you see?" "The host on the altar, sir," she said. "Oh, and what was it like?" She hesitated and said she could not exactly describe it. He told her not to mind about being very exact, but would she tell him what sort of a thing it was? She then said she did not notice very

carefully. So he then said he would tell her what it meant, and having done so he told her how wicked it was to invent such stories. She was then frightened, and said with some alarm, "Well, sir, I am certain I saw two rows of candlesticks down the two sides of the church."

An advertisement copied from the Liverpool Courier, January, 1874. (N.B. This refers to a prosecution of Mr. Parnell, of St. Margaret's, for ritualistic practices,) "Parnell Prosecution. A gentleman who intends subscribing £10 to the St. Margaret's Defence Fund is desirous to pair with a gentleman about to subscribe the same sum towards the prosecution, in order to save the pockets of both. Address C. L., Courier Office."

A clergyman going into a very advanced church could not make out what they were doing, and said he tried various parts of the prayer-book in vain, and at last bethought him of "Prayers for those at sea." But this, too, failed, so he gave up trying.

A clergyman going to see a parish offered him, was shown it by a farmer churchwarden, who in the course of conversation said, "Are there many Puseyites, sir, where you come from?" He answered, "Not many; are there many here?" Farmer: "There used to be, but they are getting scarce now." "How do you account for that?" Farmer: "Well, sir, the boys have taken the eggs." This curious reason was explained when it turned out that the farmer meant "peewits."

A lady friend of mine the other day wrote to say that their clergyman was accused of ritualistic tendencies. She could not herself discover them, but she said he certainly had something on the back of his neck which to her looked like a button, but which she was credibly informed was really the thin end of the wedge.

As may be supposed, a large number of the stories in Bishop Walsham How's note-books refer to curious in-

cidents and awkward situations during divine service. The following are a selection of anecdotes of this class, and are in almost every case authentic.

My grandfather, the Reverend Peter How, was Rector of Workington in Cumberland, where there was (and is untouched to this day, 1878!) a large "three-decker" clerk's desk, reading-desk, and pulpit, one on the top of the other, blocking up the centre of the church and, of course, all facing west. My grandfather was reading the prayers one Sunday when his large black dog came into church and found him out, so he opened the door, to which is attached a small flight of steps, and the dog came in and lay down under the seat, unseen by the congregation (who were deeply ensconced in the high square pews), and at last was forgotten by his master. In due time the latter went to the vestry, put on his black gown, and ascended the pulpit, when, soon after, beginning his sermon, he became aware that the people were all convulsed with laughter, and looking down over the pulpit cushion he saw his dog with its hind legs on the seat and its forefeet on the cushion of the reading-desk gravely regarding the congregation.

Another story of the Bishop's grandfather follows:

My grandfather was once baptizing a small collier boy of three or four years old at Workington. Other children having been first baptized he proceeded to baptize this boy also, but when he put the water on his forehead the boy turned upon him fiercely, saying, "What did you do that for, ye great black dog? I did nothing to you!"

Workington was also the scene of an awkward situation in which, when a very young man, the Bishop found himself.

When I was a deacon, and naturally shy, I was visiting my aunts in Work-

ington, where my grandfather had been Rector, and was asked to preach on Sunday evening in St. John's, a wretched modern church—a plain oblong with galleries and a pulpit like a very tall wineglass, with a very narrow little straight staircase leading up to it in the middle of the east part of the church. When the hymn before the sermon was given out I went as usual to the vestry to put on the black gown. Not knowing that the clergyman generally stayed there till the end of the hymn, I emerged as soon as I had thus vested myself and walked to the pulpit and ascended the stairs. When nearly at the summit to my horror I discovered a very fat beadle in the pulpit lighting the candles. We could not possibly pass on the stairs and the eyes of the whole congregation were upon me. It would be ignominious to retreat. So after a few minutes' reflection I saw my way out of the difficulty, which I overcame by a very simple mechanical contrivance. I entered the pulpit, which exactly fitted the beadle and myself, and then face to face we executed a rotatory movement to the extent of a semi-circle, when the beadle, finding himself next the door of the pulpit, was enabled to descend, and I remained master of the situation.

When curate at Kidderminster, I had on one occasion to baptize nine children at once. The ninth was a boy of nearly two years of age, and was taken up and put into my arms. This he stoutly resisted, beginning immediately to kick with all his might. His clothes being very loose and very short, he very soon kicked himself all but out of them, but I had got him fast by his clothes and his head, and was repeating the words of reception into the Church with as much gravity as I could command, when his mother, possessing a strong maternal appreciation of the fair proportions of her lively offspring, and a relatively weak appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion, remarked aloud to me, with a gratified smile, "He's a nice little lump, sir, isn't he?"

The Earl of Powis, among his many acts of generous kindness, has given



substantial aid to the Rev. C. F. Lowder's very poor district of St. Peter's, London Docks. He went to the laying of the stone of the church there, and just as the ceremony was about to begin a bottle was handed by some one to Mr. Lowder. He could not make it out, and consulted Lord Powis, who at last ingeniously suggested that, as it looked like oil, it was probably intended for the anointing of the stone. So they agreed to pour it quietly on the stone then and there. The smell that arose was dreadful, but the service began, and very few had noticed the bottle. In the evening an old woman, a former parishioner, came up to Mr. Lowder, and asked after his rheumatism, and said she hoped he got the bottle. On his saying, "Oh, yes, it reached me quite safely," she explained that it was a wonderful cure for rheumatism, which she had manufactured herself.

If an ingenious way was, on this occasion, found out of a difficulty, what about the next?

When Archbishop Longley was Bishop of Durham, he was one day obliged to absent himself from the prayers in his chapel, and asked an old clergyman who happened to be there to read the prayers. It happened that the first lesson was Judges v, and in reading verse 17 the poor old clergyman, mindful of the presence of Mrs. and the Miss Longleys, modestly altered the last word and read, "Asher continued on the sea-shore, and abode in his garments." This was told me by a daughter of Archbishop Longley.

A former vicar of Newbiggin received a message one Sunday morning from a neighboring clergyman, who had been taken ill, to ask if he could provide for his duty. So he sent to his curate (my brother-in-law) to tell him he should not be at church that morning, ordered his carriage, and put an old sermon, which he had no time to look at, in his pocket. When he began to preach he soon found out that the sermon was one which he had preached on bidding farewell to his

first curacy. For a page or two he tried to omit the more pointed allusions to the occasion of its previous use (which must have been many years before), but, to quote his own account, "I soon found that wouldn't do, as it was all about it, so I spoke boldly of the close of my twelve years' ministry among them, and I do assure you, sir, I left many of the congregation in tears."

A somewhat similar story comes a little later in the book, but must be placed here:

A shy, nervous clergyman near Bradford was about to help a friend by reading the prayers when a message came to say that a neighboring incumbent was taken ill and to ask for help. The rector could not go, so the friend had to be sent, but, having no sermon with him he borrowed one from the rector, who wrote a clear good hand. He selected one well written, of which the subject was "the value of time," and meant to read it over on the way, but eventually did not like to do so as he sat beside a servant who drove him over. So it happened that he had to read it for the first time in the pulpit. He got on very well till he came to a sentence saying that, as the parish possessed no church clock, it was his intention to present one. He was too nervous to omit the sentence, and (I was assured at Bradford) did actually present the promised clock, which cost £70."

Here is another authentic sermon story:

While an undergraduate at Oxford, I went with some friends to hear a noted Evangelical preacher preach for the Church Missionary Society at St. Peter's Church. He was exceedingly affected and bombastic, and, having tickled us undergraduates a good deal by his manner, at last produced a complete explosion by involving himself in a hopeless difficulty by a metaphor after this fashion: "When I contemplate the great human family I am often reminded of some mighty

river. See how it draws its tribute of many waters from many a distant land, many a mountain range, and many a wide moor-land, sending their ever-growing streams to swell the noble river as it pursues its way down the valley, till all these various tributaries converging into one great volume, it pours its glorious flood into the bosom of the boundless ocean! Such, my brethren, is the race of man." Here the preacher paused, and it was quite obvious to every one that he saw that his metaphor was just the wrong way up! So he coughed and hemmed, and changed the subject.

At Uffington, near Shrewsbury, during the incumbency of the Rev. J. Hopkins, the choir and organist, having been dissatisfied with some arrangement, determined not to take part in the service. So when the clerk, according to the usual custom of those days, gave out the hymn, there was dead silence. This lasted a little while, and then the clerk, unable to bear it, rose up and appealed to the congregation, saying most imploringly, "Them as *can* sing *do ye* sing: it's a misery to be a this'n" (Shropshire for "in this way").

Canon B—was on a voyage to Egypt in a Cunard steamer, and on Sunday, in the Bay of Biscay, he undertook to hold a service. He read one of the sentences, and said "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places," when he had to bolt and collapse. He told me he thought this a record service for brevity.

At St. Saviour's, Hoxton, the daily prayer is held in the south chancel aisle. The vicar, the Rev. John Oakley, having to go out, left the evening service at 8.30 to a curate, but, returning home at 8.50, thought he would step in to the west end of the church and be in time for the end of the service. When he went in, to his dismay he saw a few women kneeling in the accustomed place but no clergyman. Concluding that the curate had forgotten, he rapidly passed up the north aisle to the vestry, slipped on a surplice, went across to the south side and read the service. He afterwards found that the curate had already done so, but, being in a hurry, had somewhat shortened it, and had left

the church a minute before he (Mr. O.) arrived. The good women who always knelt some time at the close of the service thus did double duty that evening.

At Kensington parish church one of the curates asked for the prayers of the congregation for "a family crossing the Atlantic, and other sick persons."

At Wolstanton in the Potteries there was a somewhat fussy verger called Oakes. On one occasion, just at the time of year when it was doubtful whether lights would be wanted or no, and when they had not yet been lighted for evening service, a stranger who was a very smart young clergyman was reading the lessons and had some difficulty in seeing. He had on a pair of delicate lavender kid gloves. The verger, perceiving his difficulty, went to the vestry, got two candles, lighted them, and walked to the lectern, before which he stood solemnly holding the candles (without candlesticks) in his hands. This was sufficiently trying to the congregation, but suddenly some one rattled the latch of the west door, when Oakes, feeling that it was absolutely necessary to go and see what was the matter, thrust the two candles into the poor young clergyman's delicately gloved hands, and left him!

A clergyman in a church in Lancashire gave out as his text, "The devil as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour," and then added, "The Bishop of Manchester has announced his intention of visiting all the parishes in the diocese, and hopes to visit this parish on such a date."

A former young curate of Stoke being very anxious to do things rubrically, insisted on the ring being put on the "fourth finger" at a wedding he took. The woman resisted and said, "I would rather die than be married on my little finger." The curate said, "But the rubric says so," whereupon the *deus ex machina* appeared in the shape of the parish clerk, who stepped forward and said, "In these cases, sir, the thoomb counts as a digit."

The rector of Thornhill, near Dewsbury, on one occasion could not get the woman to say "obey" in the marriage service, and he repeated the word

with a strong stress on each syllable, saying, "You must say *O-bey*." Whereupon the man interfered and said, "Never mind: go on, parson. I'll mak' her say 'O' by-and-by."

At the church of Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and the verger when he ended came up the stairs, opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to, and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out. He asked in the vestry why he had shut the door again while opening it, and the verger said, "We always do that, sir, to wake the duke."

Mr. Ibbetson, of St. Michael's, Walthamstow, was marrying a couple when the ring was found to be too tight. A voice from behind exclaimed, "Suck your finger, you fool."

Two or three stories about vergers naturally find a place here. Possibly some of them are well known, but, even so, they will bear repetition.

A gentleman going to see a ritualistic church in London was walking into the chancel when an official stepped forward and said, "You mustn't go in there." "Why not?" said the gentleman. "I'm put here to stop you," said the man. "Oh! I see," said the gentleman, "you're what they call the *rude* screen, aren't you?"

A clergyman in the diocese of Wakefield told me that when he first came to the parish he found things in a very neglected state, and among other changes he introduced an early celebration of the Holy Communion. An old clerk collected the offertory, and when he brought it up to the clergyman he said, "There's eight on em, but two 'asn't paid."

A verger was showing a lady over a  
The Sunday Magazine.

church when she asked him if the vicar was a married man. "No, ma'am," he answered, "he's a chaly-beate."

A verger, showing a large church to a stranger, pointed out another man and said, "That is the other verger." The gentleman said, "I did not know there were two of you," and the verger replied, "Oh yes, sir; he werges up one side of the church and I werges up the other."

Two little stories connected with Bishop Walsham How's episcopal life may well conclude the anecdotes about vergers. The bishop's dislike of ostentation was well known. He caused much amusement one occasion when living in London by frustrating the designs of a pompous verger. It had been this man's custom to meet the Bishop at the door of the Church, and precede him up the centre aisle *en route* for the vestry, thus making a little extra procession of his own. One day the Bishop, after handing this verger his bag, let him go on his way up the centre of the church, and himself slipped off up a side aisle, and gained the vestry unobserved, while the verger marched up in a solemn procession of *one!*

The other story occurs in the notebooks and runs as follows:

On my first visit to Almondbury to preach, the verger came to me in the vestry, and said, "A've put a platform in t' pulpit for ye; you'll excuse me, but a little man looks as if he was in a toob." (N.B.—To prevent undue inferences, I am five feet nine inches in height.)

TO A CITY CROCUS.

[The following lines are designed for a singer of a certain age; "culus," in fact, "octavum trepidavit ætas claudere lustrum."]

Crocus! thou virgin flower that dost,  
When wanton winds of March are out,  
Upon the town's astonished crust  
Habitually deign to sprout:—

Observing thee with punctual eye,  
Rathe herb, amid thine elfin ring,  
The minor bard is moved to cry  
"Behold, the harbinger of Spring!"

They, too, the mass, whose common feet  
Trall wingless through the budding park,  
Find in thy beauty, frail and fleet,  
A ready subject for remark.

Oblivious of her infant charge  
Enthralled with ducklings on the mere,  
Maria, by the flowery marge,  
Invokes her absent bombardier.

The patriot, painting all the air  
A lurid khaki, learns of thee  
That this is not the only wear  
Allowed to Nature's pageantry.

Awhile the weary philo-Boer  
Forgets his bosom's urgent smart;  
Right to its little-english core  
Thy healing gladness haunts his heart.

For me, who close my fortieth year,  
Thy petals painfully recall  
Those early fancies which the seer  
Alluded to in "Locksley Hall."

In Spring, said he, an ampler red  
Emerges on the robin's chest;  
In Spring some other bird, he said,  
Procures himself a change of crest.

Just then, it seems, a braver bloom  
Distinguishes the polished dove;  
And adolescent cheeks resume  
The intermitted blush of love.

But not for me those vernal tints  
That Nature's youth contrives to don;  
Rather the amorous season hints  
Of yet another lustre gone.

## JOHN ENGLAND'S OUTGOING.

V.

## A DISINHERISON.

The expression of Jasper England as, standing in the doorway, he surprised his son in the act of proposing marriage to Alice Steptoe, was one of such over-indignation that a girl who was not poor in spirit could not but feel cruelly outraged.

With a whitening face Alice crossed the room, and though Jasper bulked large in the doorway, and did not move to allow of her exit, she passed him.

When in the corridor she observed that John had followed her, and with an imperious gesture signified her desire that he would let her proceed on her way alone. He obeyed her sorrowfully, and she went in search of her cousin.

Some moments later Parson was speeding parting guests. As both his father and his brother were at Bucklands this thing was beyond all use, and he wore a troubled look. It was noticed by Penelope, and, as he helped her into her saddle, she contrived to say:

"There has been, I fear, a quarrel. I wish you will keep silence concerning this thing."

"Your wishing it shall make me do so, Penelope," Parson answered, handsomely, and watched the riders out of sight.

Meanwhile John and his father were trying conclusions.

"How, sir, all huff?" So Jasper England opened up conversation with his son, who, having been virtually told by Alice to return whence he came, had gone back to the parlor, and had taken up his stand at a window with an expression which the words just em-

ployed by his father very accurately described.

"I believe, sir, my being all bluster," John answered, in a somewhat personal vein, "would very little mend matters."

"You are, sir, a jackanapes!" his father exclaimed. "I desire you will show me a little of that respect which brings you to your knees before young misses."

John was at no loss for an answer.

"I hope, sir," he said, "I know better than in my perpendicular to ask a young lady to be my wife."

Jasper snorted. He had in his day fallen at the feet of a young lady under conditions similar to those obtaining in his son's case, and there was nothing either in the spirit or the wording of John's speech which took him aback. He snorted merely because it incensed him to reflect that this very proper sentiment was uttered in connection with Alice Steptoe.

"I wish, sir," he said, angrily, "you knew better than to ask to marry with beggary."

John, whose face contracted as from a sharp cut, left this speech unanswered, and a silence set in.

Jasper broke it.

"Hey, Jack—what!" he said. "Is Penelope Steptoe's person so deformed that her fortune is to be despised?"

"Penelope's person is most beautiful, sir," John answered, quietly; "but my affections are not fixed on it, and never will be fixed upon a fortune."

"Then, sir, I have done with you. I disinherit you. You may go where you will for me. The world's wide."

There was a tremor in Jasper's voice which his son knew. He had quailed before it in childhood, and in manhood he knew the import of it too well to meet it with counter-comment.



He went from the room and took the direction which Alce had taken. In the garden, within a few paces from the house, he came upon his brother. He put his hand on his shoulder.

"What has had place, John?" Parson asked.

"My disinherison. You are heir to Bucklands."

"Can you be serious, John?"

John nodded a very serious affirmative.

Parson's face expressed the deepest consternation. His brother looked at it, then broke into a loud laugh.

"Why, John, so merry?" Parson asked.

"Because, Parson, you are so worldly wise."

An eulogium in the form of an irony was a subtlety past Parson's immediate comprehension; for the rest his thoughts were occupied with his brother, and not with himself.

"This cannot be, John," he said, reverting to the disinherison. "You have angered our father, but in time he will come about."

It was characteristic of Parson that, while he had never known his father to illustrate the mental process in Georgian days called *coming about*, it was impossible to him to conceive of a total breaking off of relations between father and son.

"I tell you, Parson," John exclaimed, with something of impatience at this remarkable blindness in his brother, "my father has done with me, and you are heir to Bucklands."

"That, brother, I am not, and I wish you will not say I am," Parson said, with some heat; adding, as he flushed deeply, "His name is thief who takes what belongs to another, which I have never done, John, and will never do."

John's face worked. His expulsion from his home was not made easier to bear that Parson wrung his heart at going. He forced a laugh, and said:

"An' you take not Bucklands, Parson, there are others will take it."

"My brothers will not," Parson protested.

"Bate George," John said, drily.

George, who, it has been seen, could take a bone from a dog, was a person to whom nothing came amiss, and who could not reasonably be expected to refuse to enter into the inheritance of his family.

Parson was silent. John smiled, and said:

"Heart, brother, I care not this finger-snap who becomes heir of Bucklands, but I am galled to be thrust from my father's home because I have too much honesty to ask one lady in marriage while my heart is engaged to another. Well, well, least said is soonest mended, and all my leave-taking shall be from you, Parson."

"How, John, you do not purpose to leave Bucklands without baggage, do you?" Parson exclaimed.

"I do so, indeed," was answered. "I have in my purse what will buy me all I need on my journey, and, at the end on't—"

He paused, brought to a standstill by the sharp distress expressed in his brother's face.

"Come, Parson, heard you never of Yorkshiremen making their fortune in London?" he said, gaily.

Parson's face brightened. He had certainly heard of this thing. Then he said:

"How much have you in your purse, John?"

"A hundred pound more or less, Parson," John answered, mysteriously.

Parson was not at all astute, but he rightly gauged the word "less" to express here more exactly the state of affairs than the word "more." He forthwith took his own purse from his pocket. It was, like himself, of very slim proportions. Parson was no spend-thrift, but was a lavish almoner. He

reddened to find how light the purse was. John, too, reddened; then, on a well-inspired impulse, he held out his hand, and made Parson proud and happy by accepting his contribution. He did more. Parson was the owner of a sturdy Irish horse, the merits of which he never wearied of extolling. It was not beautiful, but was untiring. He now mentioned this fact again to John.

"Well, Parson!" said John.

"Why, brother, my thought was," Parson answered, "an' you would ride the hobby, the journey to London would be made the easier."

John said nothing, but strode towards the stables. The hobby was soon saddled, and, mounted on her, he bade his brother adieu.

"You are not going to London the nearest way, brother," Parson demurred, as the rider set off.

John laughed. He was going to London *via* Bridlington, which was certainly not the nearest way. He made no answer, but urged the hobby forward. When out of sight of Bucklands he slackened speed, and for a space rode slowly, with eyes fixed in a blind stare. His hands mechanically retained hold of the reins, but the brain that should have guided them was dormant, and, for the time being, numbed by an overwhelming sense of his outcast condition which suddenly came upon him, the disinherited heir of Bucklands rode like one in a dream. The hobby the while made good her master's opinion of her, by stepping on wisely and warily.

How long John England might have remained in reverie, it is impossible to say. As events took their course, he was suddenly startled by a loud bark. The southern hound was alongside of him. She was his property, but it had not entered his thoughts to take her with him to London, and their connection was one of such comparative newness that he was as much surprised as

pleased to see the affectionate face which was lifted to his. He bent from the hobby to give the panting, barking creature a hearty greeting, made of alternate stroking and repressive pats; then, with no uncertain grip upon the reins, sped on to Bridlington.

## VI.

### THE VISIT TO BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

The Bridlington of to-day, with its railway station, its town hall, commercial exchange, dissenting chapels, banks and hat factories, was a thing undreamt of a hundred years ago, when little more than one long street composed the market town which was to attain to such affluence, and where so many new houses were to be built, while what remained of the noble priory, that of old housed what was here most honored, was to crumble more and more away.

Among the influences which effected the change of old Bridlington to new Bridlington, that exerted by "the Quay" was a major one. The high estimation in which this place came to be held had a reflex action upon the neighboring townlet, and as John England rode through Bridlington on his way to the Quay, he had abundant opportunity to notice, if his observing faculties had been more awake than they were, that the maxim that the times change and we change with them, was finding manifold illustration in regions not far remote from Bucklands.

John's mood was not one which inclined him to meditate upon that thing, and he rode at a quick canter through the town, only again slackening speed as he came in sight of the sea. It was quiet and sunlit. While not a man who habitually made an augur of Nature, John was conscious of interpreting this fact as boding good to him. His sur-

prise and mortification were the greater at a communication made to him on his presenting himself at the house which was the summer abode of Penelope, nominally under the protection of her grandmother, a lady whose advanced age and great infirmity made the young girl to all intents and purposes her own mistress.

On being ushered into a room in which the old and the young gentlewoman sat, John learnt from the latter that Alce was deeply offended, and had signified her fixed intention to hold aloof from a family, the head of which had subjected her to gross insult.

Penelope, who was still in her riding habit, and who sat on a hassock at her grandmother's feet, tenderly holding the hand of the old lady, spoke with face averted from her, and using a low voice, as who should say: "Spare we these white hairs with the quarrels of us young folk." John, the while, who stood full in view of the old lady, was not able so to disguise his face that she did not notice the great distress in it.

"Is anything gone wrong, John?" she quavered. "Is this girl unkind?"

"No ma'am," John answered. "Penelope is always kind."

"I think she is so," the old lady assented, and she added, as she closed her eyes—"I am very sleepy."

Penelope laughed. It was evidently her grandmother's intention to efface her presence as much as might be.

"Well, Gran'am hears little, and will now see nothing," the girl then said, "so I will tell you all, John. Alce is in a prodigious pet, and your thinking she would see you now is the most stupid thing that even a man could imagine."

The man thus trounced winced.

"You may, therefore, go back to Bucklands," Penelope added, quietly.

"Bucklands is my home no more," John said, equally quietly.

Penelope, with a start, requested that he would be more explicit, and he gave

her as briefly as might be an account of what had happened. He also informed her of his intention to go to London.

"How came you here?" the girl asked.

"On Parson's hobby."

"Are you going to London on Parson's hobby?"

"No."

"How, then, are you going?"

"On foot."

"Why on foot?"

"Lest I be killed with a fall from Parson's hobby," was the ironical answer; and John, who was going on foot to London to save expense in certain directions, added:

"Have you any more questions to ask, Penelope?"

"Yes," the girl replied, bravely. "Is there anything I can do for you, John, that your fine gentleman's pride and delicacy will not kick at?"

John laughed, despite himself; then he said, echoing the sarcastic phrasing of the blunt, kind girl:

"Yes, there are three things you can do for me, Penelope, that my fine gentleman's pride and delicacy will not kick at. These are, firstly, that you will let your man in York take his hobby back to Parson—I will ride with her to York and leave her at your stables there; secondly, that you will make my peace with Parson that the hobby was not rode by me to London; and, thirdly, that you will keep Sweetlips—the southern hound—who has followed me from Bucklands. She is of a rare breed and merits better care than I can give her till I have made my fortune."

"She is herself worth much," Penelope said, tentatively.

"I know it," was answered, shortly.

Penelope decided not to make an offer to purchase Sweetlips, and vainly racked her brain to evolve some other method of transferring some of her excess of wealth to the poor fellow who contemplated going afoot to London.

She could think of none that would not give dire offence, and exclaimed, petulantly:

"I am glad I am not a gentleman, John, for they are the most ridiculous creatures."

John bowed.

"I am glad you are a lady, Penelope," he said, "for if you were a gentleman I could not let you call me a most ridiculous creature."

"Are you angry, John?" was asked.

"Angry!" John exclaimed. "Am I a fool, Penelope, that I should misunderstand a most generous and amiable young lady?"

The girl thus singularly be-epitheted looked relieved. Then she said:

"How long is, John, the journey from York to London?"

"'Tis not two hundred miles," John answered, rightly concluding that Penelope would not divine from this answer that it was two hundred miles minus three. "It has been gone on foot and back in six days," he added.

Penelope, in conformity with her character of amiable young lady, expressed the gratification which it afforded her that John would only have half this footing to perform. "Where will you rest?" she asked.

"At Ferrybridge, at Grantham, and at Eaton," John answered, naming the principal halting-places on the great road from York to London.

"You will see a great part of the world," Penelope exclaimed. Under the timid guardianship of her grandmother, she had herself never been allowed to travel farther than York. "When you have gotten to each of these places," she added, "I pray you will write to us, and do not tease us with ruined abbeys and Gothic castles—we are no antiquarians—though, indeed, Alce is full of Roman camps and Druidical circles" (John pricked his ears), "but tell us plainly what has happened to you, and" (the girl's bright

eyes softened) "that you are not dead of weariness."

"May I, indeed, Penelope, write to you?" John asked, with an overjoyed expression.

"Why, yes, and—since you are going so far away, John, I will not hide from you what my heart feelingly tells me"—Penelope used this fine flower of speech with no abatement of her naturalness—"which is that Alce may yet be yours, for we young ladies—"

Here a wafture of the hand was used to give the idea of young feminine mobility.

John, of set purpose, wore a look of blank non-comprehension.

"Fy, John," came the angry ejaculation, "must one spell 'Constantinople' to the last letter before you gentlemen will understand that 'Constantinople' is being spelled?"

John smiled. Then he bent over the girl's hand and kissed it.

Mrs. Steptoe, who, from feigning slumber, had fallen into an actual sleep, at this moment opened her eyes.

"Well, children?" she said.

It was the wish of Mrs. Steptoe's heart that her granddaughter should be John England's wife, and her voice expressed a trembling excitement.

"What has had place?" she asked.

"Nothing has had place, but that John is going to London," Penelope answered, "and has said good-bye to me, and will say good-bye to you, Gran'am."

The old lady's face fell sadly, and she asked John, anxiously, how long he purposed sojourning in a city where gentlemen, 'twas said, were miserably drawn into the eddy of worldly dissipation.

John looked at the woebegone face; then kissed the old lady affectionately, assuring her that he meant to sojourn no longer than need was in that perilous city, and giving her his promise to keep his honor bright.

"Do you not love John, my dear?" Mrs. Steptoe asked of her granddaughter after his exit.

"No, Gran'am," was answered.

"And who is it you love?" the old lady asked, testily.

"What, Gran'am, do you mean by 'love'?" the girl queried, with her chin a little pertly tilted.

"The passion of that name, my dear," her grandmother answered, eyeing quietly the chin.

"This John England has for Alce and she for him," Penelope replied.

"Then I will dower Alce, and will not dower you," Mrs. Steptoe said, "for as you know, my wish was always that a granddaughter of mine should marry John England, and with her wealth repair Bucklands."

The answer to this was obvious. Penelope had inherited considerable riches from her father, and would not be impoverished by her grandmother's action; on the other hand, Alce, who had no fortune, would be greatly benefited by being dowered by Mrs. Steptoe. With charming tact Penelope did not put this case, but said, as she lowered her head:

"I am sorry, Gran'am, to disoblige you, but indeed I love not John England, and he loves not me."

"Loves!" the old lady exclaimed, and now, in her turn, put a question which was, with a slight variation, the one before put by her granddaughter. "What is your notion of love, Penelope?"

"A flame," Penelope answered, "a—a virtuous flame."

The amendment on conventional lines was a happy idea. "Virtuous" is a good word, but the fact is that Penelope put rather more stress on "flame." Her grandmother indulgently ignored that circumstance, and said:

"Sure, one could feel a virtuous flame for John, Penelope."

"Ay, Gran'am, but 'twere sure a pity if—two did this," objected Penelope.

The old lady, in that deep anger which results when there is a-going "agley" of what seems the best-laid schemes of men and mice, lifted a trembling finger, and said:

"Whichever of you becomes John England's wife I will dower"—a pause here gave solemn emphasis to words which the speaker eventually made good—"and though the wealth assured to you is thought considerable, Penelope, this is in part because you are accounted my heiress, and with what should derive to you from me would be the richest woman in Yorkshire, which you will not be if I shall make Alce my heiress."

"I do not, Gran'am, ambitionate to be the richest woman in Yorkshire," the girl said, softly.

"Do not you?" the old lady exclaimed, and added, "Perhaps, too, you do not ambitionate to be the most admired young lady in Yorkshire, which I see your cousin Alce is become."

"Is John England, Gran'am, all the admirers in Yorkshire?" the girl asked, with some temper. She was entirely fancy-free, and did not desire John England's admiration, but she had so long been the most admired young lady in Yorkshire that she could not forego that title quite calmly, and, while willing to cede the first place in one heart to Alce, was not willing to cede to her the first place in every heart.

"Who will you name as deserving to rank with John England, a most handsome young gentleman and a most virtuous, whom all we hereabout always hoped to see your husband, Penelope?"

"Heart, every summer finds handsome young gentlemen hereabout!" Penelope exclaimed.

"And virtuous?"

"Very like," the girl replied.

"You are, miss, a simpleton."

Mrs. Steptoe said this very coldly; then she added:

"I have not patience to see you longer,



and have not power to leave you, so desire you will leave me."

"You are, Gran'am, very angry," the girl said, sorrowfully.

"I am so, Penelope," was answered. "Your not marrying John England is what I never inferred could happen."

"He has, Gran'am, not asked me," Penelope answered, with suspicious demureness.

"This is your fault, Penelope," Mrs. Steptoe said. "The young lady must give the occasion."

This Georgian sentiment did not incense Penelope to the extent that it might incense a young Victorian gentlewoman, and without cavilling with the dictum in the abstract she said, confining herself to the consideration of it as applied to her individual case:

"If there were twenty John Englands, Gran'am, and there is, I suppose, only one" (the addendum was made in a tone of ironical regret), "I would give none of them the occasion to marry me, because—"

There was a pause. Mrs. Steptoe's face said "Proceed."

"Because my heart is not engaged," Penelope proceeded.

"You are grown romantic," Mrs. Steptoe answered, "and I now see you are resolved to marry without taking the judgment of your best friend in the choice. This is the new fashion with young ladies who are come to revolt against the counsels of the sober and prudent part of their family, their *mamas* and *grandmamas*. Did not I say, Penelope, you might leave me? Your company was never less agreeable to me."

The tears flushed Penelope's eyes, and she took her departure silently. The good head that went with her good heart enabled her to see that her grandmother's anger had its foundation in strong love of her, and, as she had confessed, she was heartily sorry to disoblige her kinswoman. On the other

hand, marriage being a great ceremony, she pardonably felt that a *sine qua non* in her case was that her heart should be given to the gentleman to whom she gave her hand, and her heart at this time, far from being given to any gentleman, was filled with love for two gentlewomen, her grandmother and her cousin Alce. To her cousin Alce she now carried her distress.

It was not an easy matter to acquaint Alce with what had happened without making her feel that she was in a measure to blame, and Penelope, avoiding the personal, had recourse to the abstract.

"'Tis remarkable," she said, "how not securing their own wills can inhumanize the hearts of those persons most cried up for their tenderness, *mamas* and—" she paused, and used significant stress—"grandmamas."

Penelope so seldom led up to the actual through the abstract, that Alce for a moment looked nonplussed. Then she said:

"You have had a quarrel with Gran'am, Penelope."

"The greatest I ever had," was answered.

Alce's face expressed extreme shock. Mrs. Steptoe and her granddaughter Penelope, openly her favorite, did not always agree, and Alce had witnessed altercations between them, which to her had appeared to touch the outer limit of the seemly.

"You was very pert, I fear, Penelope," she surmised.

"Nay, 'twas not our usual kind of quarrel," Penelope answered—the kind of quarrel to which she referred being one in which she generally came off worst, by reason of pitting young impertinence against the venerable wisdom of her kinswoman—"I was scarce pert at all."

"This was strange," Alce said, with more candor than clemency.

"'Tis true," came the quiet assevera-

tion from Penelope, "and this is true" (her manner became solemnly impressive): "If you should have heard all that passed, you would have allowed that I was right and Gran'am was wrong, which I am sorry for" (she blushed generously), "but 'tis true."

"You are sorry you was right?" Alce said, in some bewilderment.

"I'm sorry Gran'am was wrong," was answered.

"What was the end on't?" Alce asked.

"I am not to be Gran'am's heiress."

"Said Gran'am that?"

"Yes."

Alce put her arms about the weeping girl.

"This was not meant," she said.

"Nay, 'twas meant; and this is what I have always wished, Alce, but—to menace me with it! I care as little to lose it as you will care to have it,"

"I?" Alce said.

"Why, sure, yes. You are to be her heiress, Gran'am says, and, since young ladies are thought to think only of money, I wonder you are not more rejoiced."

"I am very sorry for this," Alce said, gravely. "Had I thought my coming hither would be to stand between you and Gran'am, I would have stayed away."

"Gran'am will tell you that you have stood between me and somebody else. 'Tis because of John England we quarrelled."

"I have not stood between you and Mr. England, Penelope," Alce said, flushing proudly.

"Said I you had, Alce?" came the question. "Gran'am is angry that I did not give John England the occasion to marry me, which, even an' he did not love you, I would not do. Whichever of us marries John England shall be, she says, her heiress."

"You said before, Penelope, that she said I should be this."

"'Tis the same thing."

"Nay, 'tis a different thing entirely," Alce answered. "Mr. England, indeed, asked me to marry him, but I hope I have more pride than to marry a gentleman against the wish of his family."

"Only his father was against it," Penelope replied, "and your being Gran'am's heiress will entirely satisfy Mr. England."

"This I am sure," Alce answered, "and I am resolved," she added, warmly, "I will not purchase Mr. England's approval. His son may marry whom he will for me, and I hope Gran'am will make the lady her heiress."

"Who now is tindery?" Penelope asked.

Alce said nothing, and the two girls, one of whom had it not in her to sorrow for an inheritance lost, while the other had it not in her to rejoice at an inheritance won, gazed gloomily into a world of hard facts which they could not bring into harmony with their soft ideals.

Meanwhile John England was riding Yorkward, and for the second time made the experience that he was not to ride companionless. Either Penelope had put no constraint on Sweetlips, or Sweetlips was not to be constrained, for, as before, she presented herself by the horseman's side. John looked at her gravely and deprecatingly, and she carried her tail as conscious of disgrace. Still she footed it alongside him.

## VII.

### MAN AND HOUND.

While John, as he rode first to Bridlington Quay and then to York, had been filled alternately with resentment, sorrow and dismay, it was only as he set out on foot from York to London, having left Parson's hobby at the town house of Mistress Steptoe, that a sense of ignominiousness, the like of which

he had never before known, took possession of him. Accustomed from his childhood to pick his choice from a stud widely renowned, and to delight all beholders by the handsome figure which he presented riding, it was an experience as mortifying as new to fare on foot; and the caution which had suggested to him this mode of saving what would have been the not inconsiderable expense of turnpike toll, added to other outlays incidental to traveling with a horse, was so far from being the foremost quality in his character that the whilom heir of Bucklands, for the first time in his life on tramp, footed it from York with a face of shame, which would have well become a criminal filled with a sudden sense of his dastardliness, but which less well became a young Yorkshire gentleman with his honor bright, and with a heart of pride in him which made him, as he himself phrased the matter, have too much honesty to ask one lady in marriage while his heart was engaged to another. Howbeit, John wore that look and fell into the step that goes with it, with consequences which they who have knowledge of dog-nature will comprehend.

The mood of Sweetlips took color from that of her master, and, affectionate but abashed creature as she was, she wore an expression of tempered happiness, which, taken in connection with her handsome and high-bred appearance, made her look like nothing more than a lady of quality eloping with a lout, and seized with sudden mistrust of him.

As this thing was borne in upon John he stopped in mid-road with a laugh, and calling the faithful companion of his exile by a score of tender names, lavished caresses upon her. His voice had its old ring, and, as he resumed the journey, his step had its old spring, with the result that Sweetlips bounded fore and aft with a joyous recklessness

that was not without its pathetic side, in view of the long road that lay before her.

John looked at his watch. The hour was seven of the evening, and by the milestones he had covered somewhat over five miles. He calculated that he should be at Ferrybridge two hours before midnight, and had the pleasure of hearing ten o'clock chime as he entered that village.

He was not grievously tired, though he had covered twenty-two miles of road, and after a hearty supper at an inn of more unpretentious appearance than it was usual for him to patronize, wrote a letter to Penelope. In it he set forth the delights of pedestrianism as they appeared to him to be at this stage of his journey. He refrained from allusions to ruined abbeyes and Gothic castles, in deference to orders received, but, remembering Penelope's description of Alce as "full of Roman camps and Druidical circles," he permitted himself to be instructive to the extent of mentioning that Ferrybridge was two miles northeast of Pontefract, to which piece of geographical information he added that in the adjacent fields there were often found, he was assured, human skeletons, ancient armor, and other relics of intestine war.

The relics, in so far as John enumerated them, were not, it may be objected, of a character limited to intestine war. This, happily for him, was not a detail calculated to strike Penelope, or even to strike Alce, more learned but not learned to the point of such censoriousness as would make an amiable young lady the critic of an amiable young gentleman.

Penelope and Alce read and re-read the letter, and then Penelope handsomely presented it to Alce, who allowed that she thought it a very interesting composition, especially as viewed from the antiquarian point, and who further allowed that, though as matters stood,

she was determined to die a maid—wherefore Mr. England might make peace with his father—if matrimony had ever had any attraction for her, Mr. England was a man whom she might have loved—*fancified*.

How ill all was about poor Alce's heart was evident in the tremor of her voice as she substituted *fancified* for "loved."

Penelope, who had so far given away "young ladies" as to inform John England that they were not fixed stars, might, with a few penstrokes, have acquainted him with the fact that Alce

showed all the signs of ultimate surrender, but she at this time and later, wrongly or rightly, deemed that it would be treachery to her friend to put John England in possession of facts regarding her of which she herself was only made aware by being Alce's confidant.

Thus things were left to take their course, and they took it of necessity slowly, much as John made the journey from York to London, a journey on the second stage of which he was to find that the delights of pedestrianism may under certain circumstances pall.

*Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.*

*The Leisure Hour.*

*(To be continued.)*

## BIRD NOTES.

BY LADY BROOME.

A great reaction of feeling in favor of the mongoose has set in since Mr. Rudyard Kipling's delightful story of "Rikki-tikki," in the "First Jungle Book," presenting that small rodent in an heroic and loveable aspect. But to the true bird-lover the mongoose still appears a dreaded and dangerous foe. It is well known that its introduction into Jamaica has resulted in nearly the extermination of bird life in that island, and the consequent increase of insects, notably the diminutive tick, that mere speck of a vicious little torment.

There are, I believe, only a very few mongooses in Barbadoes, and strong measures will, doubtless, be adopted to still further reduce their number; for no possible advantage in destroying the large brown rat which gnaws the sugar cane can make up for the havoc the mongoose creates in the poultry yard, and, indeed, among all feathered creatures. It has also been found by experience that the mongoose prefers eggs to rats, and will neglect his proper prey

for any sort or size of egg. He was brought into Jamaica to eat up the large rat introduced a century ago by a certain Sir Charles Price (after whom those same brown rats are still called), instead of which the mongoose has taken to bird and egg eating, and has thriven on this diet beyond all calculation. Sir Charles Price introduced his rat to eat up the snakes with which Jamaica was then infested, and now that the mongoose has failed to clear out the rats, some other creature will have to be introduced to cope with the swarming and ravenous mongoose.

It was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction I once beheld in the garden at Government House, Barbadoes, the clever manner the birds circumvented the wiles of a half-tame mongoose which haunted the grounds.

Short as is the twilight in those Lesser Antilles, there was still, at midsummer, light enough left in the western sky to make it delightful to linger in the garden after our evening drive.

The wonder and beauty of the hues of the sunset sky seemed ever fresh, and every evening one gazed with admiration, which was almost awe, at the marvellous, undreamed-of colors glowing on that gorgeous palette. Crimson, yellows, mauves, palest blues, chrysoprase greens, pearly grays, all blent together as if by enchantment, but changing as you looked and melting into that deep, indescribable, tropic purple which forms the glorious background of the "meaner beauties of the night."

In the same garden there chanced to be a couple of low swinging seats just opposite a large tree, which I soon observed was the favorite roosting place of countless numbers of birds. Indeed, all the fowls of the air seemed to assemble in its branches, and I was filled with curiosity to know why the other trees were deserted. At roosting time the chattering and chirruping were deafening, and quarrels raged fiercely all along the branches. I noticed that the centre of the tree was left empty, and that the birds edged and sidled out as far as ever they could get on to its slenderest branches. All the squabbles arose from the ardent desire with which each bird was apparently filled to be the very last on the branch, and so the nearest to its extreme tip. It can easily be understood that such thin twigs could not stand the weight of these crowding little creatures, and would, therefore, bend until they could no longer cling to it, and so, had to fly off and return to search for another foothold. I had watched this unusual mode of roosting for several evenings, without getting any nearer to the truth than a guess that the struggle was perhaps to secure a cool and airy bed-place.

One hot evening, however, we lingered longer in what the negro gardener called the "swinggers," tempted by the cool darkness, and putting off as

long as possible the time of lights and added heat, and swarming winged ants, and moths, and mosquitoes. We had begun to think how delightful it would be to have no dinner at all, but just to stay there, gently swaying to and fro all night, when we saw a shadow—for at first it seemed nothing more—dart from among the shadows around and move swiftly up the trunk of the tree. At first I thought it must be a huge rat, but my dear companion whispered, "Look at the mongoose!" So we sat still, watching it with closest attention. Soon it was lost in the dense central foliage, and we wondered at the profound stillness of that swarming mass of birds, who had not long settled into quiet. Our poor, human, inadequate eyes had, however, become so accustomed to the gloom by its gradual growth, that we could plainly observe a flattened-out object stealthily creeping along an out-lying bough. It was quite a breathless moment, for no shadow could have moved more noiselessly than that crawling creature. Even as we watched, the bough softly and gradually bent beneath the added weight, but still the mongoose stole onwards. No little sleeping ball of feathers was quite within reach, so yet another step must needs be taken along the slender branch. To my joy that step was fatal to the hopes of the brigand beast, for the bough dipped suddenly, and the mongoose had to cling to it for dear life whilst every bird flew off with sharp cries of alarm which effectually roused the whole population of the aerial city, and the air was quite darkened round the tree by the fluttering, half-awakened birds.

It was plain now to see the reason of the proceedings which had so puzzled me, and once more I felt inclined to—as the Psalmist phrases it—"lay my hand on my mouth and be still," in wonder and admiration of the adaptable instincts of birds. How long had



It taken these little helpless creatures to discover that their only safety lay in just such tactics, and what sense gilded them in choosing exactly the one tree which possessed slender and yielding branch-tips which were strong enough to support their weight? They were just settling down again when horrid clamorous bells insisted on our going back into a hot, lighted-up house, and facing the additional miseries of dressing and dinner. Though we carefully watched that same tree and its roosting crowds for many weeks, we never again saw the mongoose attempt to get his supper there, so I suppose he must also be credited with sufficient cleverness to know when he was beaten.

A toucan does not often figure in a list of tame birds, and I cannot conscientiously recommend it as a pet. Mine came from Venezuela, and was given to me soon after our arrival in Trinidad. It must have been caught very young, for it was perfectly tame, and if you did not object to its sharp claws, would sit contentedly on your hand. The body was about as big as that of a crow, but it may be described as a short, stout bird, with a beak as large as its body. Into this proboscis was crowded all the colors of the rainbow, blended in a prismatic scale. Its plumage would be dingy if it were not so glossy, and was of a blue-black hue, with white feathers in the wings and just a little orange under the throat to shade off the bill, as it were. Some toucans have large, fleshy excrescences at the root of the bill, but this one and those I saw in Trinidad had not.

The toucan was, however, an amiable and, at first, a silent bird. He lived in a very large cage, chiefly on fruit, and tubbed constantly. But the curious and amusing thing was to see him preparing to roost, and he began quite early, whilst other birds were still wide awake. The first thing was to carefully cock up—for it was a slow and

cautious proceeding—his absurd little scut of a tail which was only about three or four inches long. This must in some way have affected his balance, for he never moved on the perch after the tail had been carefully laid back. Then, later in the evening, he gently turned the huge, unwieldy bill round by degrees, until it, too, was laid along his back and buried in feathers in the usual bird fashion. By the way, I have always wondered how and why the myth arose that birds sleep with their heads *under* their wings? A moment's thought or observation would show that it is quite as impossible a feat for a bird as for a human being. However, the toucan's sleeping arrangements resulted in producing an oval mass of feathers supported on one leg, looking as unlike a bird as it is possible to imagine. When he was ruthlessly awakened by a sudden poke or noise, which I grieve to state was often done—in my absence, needless to say—I heard that he invariably tumbled down in a sprawling heap, being unable to adjust the balance required by that ponderous bill all in a moment.

For many months after his arrival the toucan was, at least, an unobjectionable pet and very affectionate. He used to gently take my fingers in his large, gaudy bill and nibble them softly without hurting me, but I never could help thinking what a pinch he might give if he liked. His inoffensive ways, however, only lasted while he was very young, for, in due course of time he began to utter discordant yells and shrieks, especially during the luncheon hour. This could not be borne, and the house-steward—a most dignified functionary—used to advance towards the cage in a stately manner with a tumbler of water concealed behind his back, which he would suddenly fling over the screaming bird. The toucan soon learned what Mr. V.'s appearance before his cage meant, and even ceased

his screaming at the mere sight of an empty tumbler. These sudden douches, or else his adolescence, must have had a bad effect on his temper, for he could no longer be petted and played with, and any finger put within reach of his bill suffered severely. Then he got ill, poor bird, and the Portuguese cook was called in to doctor him. But the remedies seemed so heroic that I determined to send the toucan away. I could not turn him loose in the garden on account of his piercing screams, so he was caught when asleep, packed in a basket, and conveyed to the nearest high woods, where he was set at liberty, and I can only hope he lived happy ever after, as a less gaudy and beautiful variety of toucan is to be found in those virgin forests.

As might naturally be expected, there are many beautiful birds in the large botanical gardens of Trinidad in the midst of which Government House stands. It used to be a great delight to me to watch the darting orioles flash past in all their golden beauty, and some lovely, brilliantly-blue birds were also occasionally to be seen among the trees. I was given some of these, but alas! they never lived in captivity, and after one or two unsuccessful efforts I always let them out of the cage. The ubiquitous sparrow was there, of course, and so was a rather larger black and yellow bird, called the "qu'est-ce que dit?" from its incessant cry.

In these gardens the orioles built their large, clumsy nests of dried grass without any precaution against surprises; but I was told that in the interior of the island, where snakes abound, the "corn-bird"—as he is called up-country—has found it expedient to hang his nest at the end of a sort of grass rope some six feet long. This forms a complete protection against snakes, as the rope is so slightly put together that no wise serpent would trust himself on

it. Sometimes the oriole finds he has woven too large a nest, so he half fills it with leaves, but after heavy rains these make the structure so heavy that it often falls to the ground, and from this cause I became possessed of one or two of these nests with their six or eight feet of dangling rope. Anything so quaint as these numerous nests swinging from the topmost branches of lofty trees cannot well be imagined. It is impossible to reach them by climbing or in any other way except shooting away the slender straw rope, which rifle-feet might surely rank with winning the Queen's prize at Bisley!

It has always interested me to examine birds' nests in the different colonies to which the wandering star of my fate has led me, and I have observed a curious similarity between the houses made with and without hands. For instance, take a bird's nest in England, where human habitations are solid and carefully finished, and you will see an equal finish and solidity in the neatly constructed nest with its warm lining and lichen-decorated exterior. Then look at a bird's nest in a colony with its hastily constructed houses made of any slight and portable material. You will find the majority of birds' nests equally makeshift in character and style, just loosely put together anyhow with dried grass, and evidently only meant for temporary use. I saw one such nest of which the back must have tumbled out, for a fresh leaf had been neatly sewn over the large hole with fibre. In strong contrast, however, to such hastily-constructed bird-dwellings was a nest of the "schneevögel," which came to me from the foot of the Drakenberg Mountains in Natal. Beautifully made of sheep's wool, it had all the consistency of fine felt. It was a small hanging nest, but what I delighted in was the little outside pocket in which the father of the family must have been wont to sit. The mouth of that nest

was so exceedingly small that at first I thought that no bird bigger than a bee could possibly have fitted into it, but I found that it expanded quite easily, so elastic was the material. One could quite picture the domestic comfort, especially in so cold and inhospitable a region, of that tiny *ménage*.

I always longed to make a journey to the northwest of Western Australia expressly to see the so-called "bower-bird" at play. This would have necessitated very early rising on my part, however, for only at dawn does this bird—not the true bower-bird, by any means—come out of his nest proper and lie on his back near the heap of of snail shells, etc., which he has collected in front of his hastily thrown-up wind-shelter, to play with his toys. It is marvellous the distance those birds will carry anything of a bright color to add to their heap, and active quarrels over a brilliant leaf or berry have been observed. A shred of red flannel from some explorer's shirt or blanket is a priceless treasure to the bower-bird and eagerly annexed. But the wind-shelter of coarse grass always seemed to me quite as curious as the heap of playthings. The photographs show me these shelters as being somewhat pointed in shape, very large in proportion to the bird, and with an opening something like the side door in a little old-fashioned English country church. This habit of hastily throwing up wind-shelters is not confined to this bird only. I was given some smaller birds from the interior of Western Australia, and at the season of the strong north-west gales—such a horrible hot wind as that was—I found my little birds loved to have a lot of hay thrown into their big cage with which in a single morning they would build a large construction resembling a huge nest, out of all proportion to their size. At first I thought it was an effort at nest-building, but as they constantly pulled it to pieces,

and never used it except in a high wind, it was plain to see that their object was only to obtain a temporary shelter.

Next to the brilliant Gouldian finches, which, by the way, were called "painted finches", locally, I loved the small, blue-eyed doves from the northwest of Australia better than any other of my feathered pets. These little darlings lived by themselves, and from the original pair given to me I reared a large and numerous family. They were gentle and sweet as doves should be, of a lovely pearl-gray plumage, with not only blue eyes, but large turquoise-blue wattles round them, so that the effect they made was indeed blue-eyed. They met with a tragic fate, for I turned some eight or ten pair loose in the large garden grounds of the Perth Government House. Alas! within a week of their being set at liberty not one was left. They were much too confidently tame to fend for themselves in this cold and cruel world. Half-wild cats ate some, hawks pounced on others, but the saddest of all the sudden deaths arose from their love of me. Whenever I was to be seen, even inside the house, a dove would fly to me and dash itself against the plate-glass windows, falling dead in the veranda. They did not seem able to judge distance at all, and it was grievous to know they met their death through their devotion to their mistress and friend.

A dozen miles to windward, opposite the flourishing port of Fremantle, Western Australia, lies a little island with a lighthouse on it, known on charts and maps as Rottnest. It is astonishing what a difference of temperature those few miles out to sea make, and on this tiny islet was our delightful summer home, for one of the earliest governors had built, years before, a little stone house on a charming site looking across the bay.

I was comparatively petless over there, for I could not well drag large

cages of birds about after me, when it was difficult enough to convey chickens and ducks across the somewhat stormy channel, so I hailed with delight the offer made by a little island boy of a half-fledged hawk, as tame as it is in a hawk's nature to be. There was no question of a cage, and I am sure "Alonzo" would not have submitted to such an indignity for a moment, so he was established on a perch in a sheltered corner of the upstairs veranda outside my bedroom door. I fed him at short intervals—for he was very voracious—with raw meat, and he took rapid gulps from a saucer of water; but he sat motionless on his perch all day, only coming on my hand for his meals. This went on for two or three weeks, when one morning, at earliest daylight, I heard an unusual noise in the veranda, and just got out in time to see my little hawk spreading his wings and sailing off into space. He had, however, been wise enough to devour all the meat left in readiness for his breakfast. Of course I gave him up for lost and went back to bed thinking sadly of the ingratitude and heartlessness of hawk nature. I certainly never expected to see my bird again, but a few hours later, as I was standing in the veranda, I stretched out my hand as far as I could reach, when lo! the little hawk dropped like a stone from the cloudless blue and sat on my arm as composedly as if he had never left the shelter of his home. It is needless to say that the return of the prodigal called forth the same rapturous greeting and good dinner as of yore. After that it became an established custom that I should every evening put a saucer of chopped-up raw meat on a table in the veranda, just outside my window, and a pannikin of water to serve for the hawk's early breakfast, but he foraged for himself all day, coming back at dusk to roost in the veranda. It was curious to watch his return,

for he generally made many attempts before he could hit off the exact slope of the roof so as to get beneath it. After each failure he would soar away out of sight, but only to return and circle round the house until he had determined how low to stoop, and then like a flash he darted beneath the projecting eaves. Apparently it was necessary to make but the one effort, for there was no popping in and out or uncertainty, just one majestic swoop, and he would be on his perch, as rigid and unruffled as though he had never left it.

When our delicious summer holiday was over, and the day of return to the mainland fixed, it became an anxious question what to do with the hawk. To take him with us was, of course, out of the question, but to leave him behind was heart-rending. Not only should I miss the accustomed clatter of saucer and pannikin at earliest streak of dawn, but not once did I ever hold my hand out during the day that he did not drop on it at once. He never could have been far off, although no eye could follow him into the deep-blue dome where he seemed to live, poised in the dazzling sunshiny air. But Alonzo settled the question for himself a couple of days before we left, by suddenly deserting his old home and leaving his breakfast untouched. We watched in vain for his return on two successive evenings, nor did he drop on my hand for the last two days of our stay. I then remembered that on the last evening he had come home to roost I had noticed another hawk with him, and rather wondered if he intended to set up an establishment in the veranda. But I suppose that the bride-elect found fault with the situation, and probably said that, though well enough for a bachelor, it was not suitable for the upbringing of a family, and so the new home had to be started in a more secluded spot and the sheltering roof knew its wild guest no more.

I am afflicted with a cockatoo! I can't "curse him and cast him out," for, in the first place, I love him dearly, and in the next he is a sort of orphan grandchild, towards whom I have serious duties and responsibilities. And then he arrived at such a moment, when every heart was softened at the thought of the Soudan Campaign with its frightful risks and dangers. How could one turn away a suppliant cockatoo who suddenly and unexpectedly presented himself on the eve of the Battle of Omdurman, with a ticket to say that his owner had gone up to the front, and he was left homeless in Cairo? It would have been positively brutal, and then he was the friendliest of birds! No shyness or false pride about him. He had already invited my pretty little cook to "kiss him and love him," and was paying the housemaid extravagant compliments when I appeared on the scene. To say he flew into his grandmother's arms, is but feebly to express the dutiful warmth of his greeting. In less than ten minutes that artful bird had taken complete possession of the small household, and assumed his place as its head and master. Ever since that moment he has reigned supreme, and I foresee that he will always so reign.

But he certainly is the most mischievous and destructive of his mischievous species. Nothing is safe from his sudden and unexpected fits of energy. I first put him in a little conservatory where he had light and air, and the cheerful society of other birds. This plan, however, only worked for two or three days. One Sunday morning I was awakened by ear-piercing shrieks and yells from Master Cockie, only slightly softened by distance. These went on for some time until I perceived a gradual increase in their jubilant note, which I felt sure betokened mischief, so I hastily got myself into a dressing-gown and slippers, and

started off to investigate what trouble was "toward." It was so early that the glass doors were still shut, and I was able to contemplate Master Cockie's manœuvres unseen. The floor of the little greenhouse was strewn with fern leaves, for gardening, or rather pruning, had evidently been his first idea. The door of his travelling cage—which I had left over night securely fastened—lay flat on the pavement, and Cockie with extended wings was solemnly executing a sort of *pas seul* in front of another cage divided by partitions, in which dwelt a goldfinch and a bullfinch side by side. Both doors were wide open and the bullfinch's compartment was empty, but the goldfinch was crouched, paralyzed with terror, on the floor of his abode. He evidently wanted to get out very badly, but did not dare to pass the yelling doorkeeper, who apparently was inviting the trembling little bird to come forth. The instant the artful villain perceived me, he affected perfect innocence and harmlessness, returning instantly to his cage, and commencing his best performance of a flock of sheep passing, doubtless in order to distract my attention. How could one scold with deserved severity a mimic who took off not only the barking dogs and bleating sheep, but the very shuffle of their feet, and the despairing cry of a lost lamb? And he pretended great joy when the bullfinch—more dead than alive—at last emerged from the shelter of a thick creeper where he had found sanctuary, asking repeatedly after his health in persuasive tones. I gave up the cage after that and established him on a smart stand in the dining-room window; for I found that the birds in the conservatory literally could not bear the sight of him. A light chain securely fastened on his leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half-yard or so of a hand-painted border which was the



pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining-room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it. I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand, and descend in search of his playthings. When the

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

fire had not been lighted I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate, and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining-room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails, and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing!

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks, and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an arm-chair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.

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### A WOMAN'S HOME.

Perhaps no word in our language is more justly entwined with the flowers of sentiment and fancy than that of Home—a word, by the way, for which no other nation appears to possess a real equivalent. Certainly no song will ever raise more emotion and enthusiasm in British hearts than will the simple strains of "Home, sweet Home," whether heard in our own land or in one of its most distant colonies. The source of satisfaction to the sex feminine should therefore be extreme in viewing the fact that, though "men build houses," women can, and *do*, "make homes"—an inherited prerogative, sweeter far than some so clamored for nowadays.

It would, however, be beyond the scope and purposes of this article to attempt to define the womanly attributes which tend to "make a home" even of

the most unpromising material. We will, therefore, keep mainly to things outward and visible, and begin by considering what a home is *not*.

Plenty of people imagine that when they have built a large house, with all modern improvements, and have bid one firm decorate, and another furnish it, regardless of expense, there will be "a home ready to walk into." This is a mistake. One cannot walk into a ready-made home any more than into a ready-made friendship; both must be built up bit by bit, until the result is felt to be almost part of one's self, and therefore not lightly to be parted with.

Now, I feel I am running counter to popular sentiment, and am perhaps paradoxical, when I say that the "home" atmosphere comes quite as much from the furniture and arrangement thereof as from the house itself—in other

words, that the woman gifted with the home-making power, and able to take her furniture about with her, will shed her own personality over every house she inhabits; whereas a woman without this lovable power will have a handsome house which yet falls short of a home.

But let us first consider a settled—that is, an inherited—home, which is, no doubt, somewhat hampered with traditions of the past, and is, therefore, an occasion for the exercise of what may be called decorative tact. For the wise woman must verily be “all things to all houses.” Suppose she marries from the flippant prettiness of a large villa into the dignified austerity of an old priory, how easily without decorative tact may disaster result! Suppose, for instance, our bride has ideas of her own, without the precious sense of eternal fitness of things which alone makes such ideas useful, she will dress up the low priory drawing-room, with its quaint, prim, Gothic windows, in bright pink wall-paper with rose-garlanded frieze; gaily arrange French furniture on a flowery Aubusson carpet; and, after arranging equally appropriate schemes all through the house, will complacently say to friends, “You really must come and see the Priory! I’m sure you won’t know it.” An old monastic house thus treated is almost as terrible as an old woman of seventy in a white frock and a picture hat. More ludicrous results have, however, been made by the woman who climbs down (matrimonially) and not up; and who—because they looked so well in the lovely old hall at home—may insist on buying suits of armor for the hall of a frankly modern villa! In short, one wants, in settling into a fresh home, old or modern, plenty of that somewhat uncommon article misnamed “common-sense.”

Having been consulted by (literally) many thousands of women about their

homes during the past twelve years—homes which ranged from the castle to the cottage—I may reasonably be supposed to know something not only about houses, but about the pitfalls into which my own sex is most prone—decoratively—to fall. Unhesitatingly, then, I dub these weakness of judgment, absence of the power to forecast effect, and, above all, a tendency to follow the mode of the moment.

This love—vulgarizing and extravagant—of the “latest novelty” is, alas! no new failing of the sex feminine. Did not our grandmothers, under its fell sway, banish to the attics or (irrevocably) to the nearest salerooms the now priceless furniture made by Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite; replacing it, too, with the clumsy atrocity of the somewhat disloyally-named “Early Victorian” period? Incredible how any one could welcome the hideous “balloon-back” dining-room chair—with its seat buttoned down into tiny dust-traps, too!—after, perchance, owning a set of shield-back Chippendales, carved with dainty wheatears and standing on graceful “wedge” legs. But Fashion makes more fools than does Folly herself!

One would fain hope that the advance of public taste during the past twenty or thirty years—an advance we decorative scribblers have of late years sought to keep going—will avert the repetition of such short-sighted folly. The danger, if any, will lie in the trade craze for novelty, and of a section of the public being swept off its mental balance by what may be termed “fad” furniture.

Fad furniture, properly speaking, must have been designed by one celebrity, carried out by another, and sold—ever at a prodigious price, for its very plain appearance—by a third. One may see a weirdly uncomfortable chair, a mere glance at which banishes

the thought of rest; indeed, the only part of it which is not green-stained oak is an austere little cushion covered with blue velvet. This chair, with designer's and maker's name attached, may be priced at twelve pounds twelve shillings; and one marvels who will buy it. Then, above all, unless the rest of the furniture were equally freakish and uncanny, how would it look in a room? One thing is certain: fad furniture can only be placed in a house built and decorated on purpose for it—a house in which, to be *really* in keeping, the owner should even have a tendency to the so-called "æsthetic" style of dress.

Fad furniture will, therefore, I fancy, never make much headway with the average man and woman not willing to live in bondage to the "Early" style of their goods and chattels. And, lest I put the cart before the horse, here must come in a few words anent decoration. In the want of decorative tact lies the sole difficulty in choosing the wall-papers for a special house; and here, again, comes in the pitfall of imitativeness. Let us suppose that Mrs. A. owns beautiful old china, also colored prints after Morland and Wheatley's pictures, old fans, black silhouette portraits, old samplers, and other treasures in the shape of genuine Chippendale cabinets, tables, etc. In an evil hour she visits a friend clever in the "tricky" way of disguising an *omnium gatherum* of valueless furniture by enamelling it ivory. Setting this furniture, with praiseworthy tact, against the indefiniteness of a flowery wall-paper, and striking a good note of color by a shaded blue pile carpet and blue curtains, the room—all honor to its owner!—looks fresh and individual. Yet, alas that, returning to her own county, Mrs. A. seeks to repeat the decoration, only to find, with a sense of injured surprise, that her old china is unnoticed, while the dark furniture shows up hard and

heavy, instead of, as heretofore, waiting coyly to be admired.

Now, the tact which alone makes a born decorator would have told her that the setting her possessions cried aloud for was a softly-shaded, red-striped wall-paper and deep frieze of a chintz-like, paper, with gay old-world flowers and peacocks. A soft willow-green and cream ceiling-paper and ivory paint would complete the scheme. How bravely would the old china and pictures show up! How cosily gleam the dark furniture! Shimmery-green velvet curtains and a green pile carpet would complete the picture. It would, of course, be arbitrary to say that Chippendale furniture (old or reproduced) must necessarily be set against red walls. The "lighting," size, and, above all, the aspect of the room must always govern the color. For a south or southwest room, for instance, dark furniture looks exceptionally well against a vivid green wall. This—with ivory paint and old-world chintz curtains and furniture covers, showing pæonies, birds of paradise, etc., in gay colors—forms another charming scheme of decoration. The carpet should be green or a red-centre Aubusson. A cold, sour, yellow wall-paper is too often the suggestion of an "upholsterer decorator" for Chippendale furniture; he usually combines it with a frieze of gaudy chrysanthemums or nodding poppies, whence the eye vainly seeks relief; and he is apt to suggest "pale ivory paint, just picked out with shades of pink." The fact is a little yellow is a dangerous thing; and a yellow paper, unless bolder than the average woman dare choose, is apt to go white by lamp-light, making curtains and carpet seem oppressively dark patches. Blue walls will be found quite the most becoming background to Sheraton furniture (old or reproduced); it shows up the rich, yellowy tones of the satinwood bands and the dainty "stringing." Nor, by

the way, can one possibly choose a better setting than turquoise-blue for Dutch marqueterie. Those attempting to put the latter furniture against a flowery wall are indeed foredoomed to decorative despair; and these words open the door to a few remarks about the balance of design.

A too common mistake made by upholsterers and owners of rooms is that of trying to match everything. Monotony is not harmony. Say you choose a flowery wall-paper, and proceed to find a brocade "as near as possible" for the curtains, and a carpet "which really might have been made for the brocade," and then light on a furniture-covering which "might also be a bit of the wall-paper;" and, lo! when all is done, you will vaguely wonder why the room disappoints you, and why no one ever admires it.

The remedy may be alternative, but must be drastic. Let us suppose the dominating shades in the wall-paper are pink and green. We can either leave the flowery curtains and carpet, and repaper all but two feet at the top of the room (which then, with the addition of a wooden frieze-rail, becomes a floral frieze) with a softly-striped, self-colored green paper; or we can—leaving the flowery walls as they are—have the garish carpet dyed moss-green, and substitute plain green curtains for those of flowered brocade, which will, by the way, suit a self-colored paper in another room admirably. So shall the balance of design—that is, plain *versus* flowered—be once again held level. Alas, that the balance of color is too big a subject to enter into here! Real colorists are, however, born, not made; and the God-sent gift of an eye for color gives its owner endless joys.

A broad and undeniable decorative fact is, that on the style and color of the background—that is, on the paper or other material chosen for the wall—depends the success of a room. A mag-

nificent and (being at a show-place) very well-known room here comes to mind. It is a huge state drawing-room, and used to be decorated in large panels framed in *carton-pierre*, painted ivory, and filled in with rose-red Genoese brocade—a shabby but stately background to the various old *pietra-dura* cabinets and pedestals, the old ebony coffers inlaid with ivory, the Broddingnagian gold couches, and other delights. Standing in that room of late, I noted with horror that the wall had been stripped of all the raised scrolls and garlands, and papered with a chilly, gray paper of the Morris school, and therefore excellent in *design*, but fatally inappropriate—an absolute anachronism.

Had it not been wished to renew the costly silk (at possibly the cost of a guinea the yard), there are nowadays splendid quality "silk effect" rose-red papers at eight shillings and sixpence or so the dozen yards; and as to the *carton-pierre*, it should be made penal to remove such lovely decoration!

We do not, however, all possess state drawing-rooms, so let us again turn to rooms of more moderate pretensions. The age of the house and style of architecture must, of course, be one's guide. For instance, I can imagine no more absurd contrast than one of my own "soldiering homes"—a hut at Aldershot—and the actual family home I now inhabit. In one case, the window curtains measured fifty inches in length; in the other, four and a half yards. How different must be the treatment of such rooms! If, then, your house is of the Georgian period—long, straight rooms, and high, somewhat narrow windows—it is no case for frivolous decoration, still less for the ultra-æsthetic. A wall-paper about which one may rave at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition will be fatally out of place in a Georgian country house.

If your house is an essentially modern one, with queer-shaped rooms and surprise windows peeping here and there, or is even an old Henry VII priory, there is scope for the cautious use of the æsthetic school of wall-papers. But they are essentially fettering, once hung; and nothing which has not emanated from the same school of thought will look well in the room. Even the loveliest rose-strewn brocade cushion will upset the harmony of a room papered with an ultra Morris or Voysey paper. In fact, I was once shown over a beautiful house, decorated by the former, some years ago, when the owner, on my asking for her daughter's new photograph, said woefully, "Oh, I am not supposed ever to have photographs in the drawing room. They don't suit the wall-paper or something!" which seemed to me to savor more of the house that *bullies* you, than of the "home"—friendly, lovable, and welcoming. The wall-paper, therefore, should always serve the room rather than govern it; and it is an undoubted fact that one's furniture and one's friends look best against a wall of rich color and paper of "flat" design, say in two shades of that color, with, perhaps, a deft touch of a third. Unless in a yellow room, where green-stained doors and skirting gives the chance for a deliciously quaint room, it may be laid down that ivory woodwork everywhere shows a house at its best.

Were I building, however, all doors should be of dark, polished mahogany, as in olden days. The exception to this would be doors of bedrooms, which (inside the room) should be ivory. An excellent result (in houses of the date where all passage skirtings and doors were grained brown) can be obtained by having grained doors treated with coat after coat of dark varnish stain until the graining scarcely shows, and then having the door frames and skirting ivory.

An effective yet very inexpensive way of producing an ivory dado in long passages is to have a wooden dado rail (twopence or threepence the foot) fixed on the wall, say, three feet six inches above the skirting, and the space thus enclosed treated with two or three coats of "wapietl." This is applied like distemper, but does not rub off, and can be cleaned with a damp flannel. Having lately treated some two hundred and eighty feet of hitherto gloomy passages thus, with the addition of an effective blue-and-white wall-paper above the dado, I can gratefully record the result.

As regards the very large subject of furnishing, it is hard here to be very helpful. So much depends on the house to be furnished, the money which is available, and the tastes and avocations of the inmates. But the policy should always be the same—that is, "What will suit me and suit my style of rooms?" not "What do other people buy?"

The very strong wave of feeling in favor of faithful reproductions of the best period of English furniture—a wave, I am proud to feel, women-writers have now for some years urged forward—has done much to swamp the trivial attempts of the maker of latest novelties. At their best these generally consist, as to ingredients, of ebonyized wood, printed velvet, and brass nails; at their worst, of bamboo and lacquer flap-tables, or—sorrow's crown of sorrow!—of plaited rush and wicker plant-stands and other rubbish. Better the barest room than one crowded with things which must deteriorate, not improve, with age; whereas, with a really well-made and faithful reproduction of a carved oak chair or sideboard, every year of elbow-grease tones down and softens edges, mellows color, and makes one's possession more and more desirable.

The same may be said of modern



Chippendale and Sheraton—when well made, and not “blown together” for effect and rapid sale. It is now possible to buy a well-made little Chippendale or Sheraton bureau for four pounds fifteen shillings; while the rickety little screen desks, with their misapplied autotype and lack of room to write, or the bamboo and leather-paper horrors, cost almost as much, yet would inevitably be thrown away long before the bureau had even reached its prime.

Alas that the inexorable law of space leaves me scant room for views on bedroom furniture, surely never so pretty or so convenient as to-day! One has but to look back thirty years or so and recall the ugly, clumsy, and costly ash and birch suites of one's early married days, or back farther still to home-days, and spare bedrooms all furnished alike with the ponderously-plain red mahogany suites, costing seventy and eighty pounds, yet unlovable and ugly, to realize the difference betwixt then and now. Let us therefore rejoice that we can nowadays get most elaborate and beautiful suites, of varied style, and at less than half the afore-named cost; while, for plainer styles, good, roomy suites can be bought for from nineteen pounds to twenty-eight pounds. Had I to fulfil the enviable task of furnishing, say, twelve nice spare bedrooms in the same house, I would vary them as follows: Two Chippendale rooms, primly austere; three Sheraton rooms, rich and cosy in coloring; three, again, with ivory furniture and “Frenchy” decorations (delicious for the summer guest); one room with a quaintly-carved Queen Bess dark oak suite, yellow wall, chintz hangings, and bright yellow, self-colored ware; one peacock room, with a

most uncommon little suite I have seen, with peacocks inlaid on the wardrobe doors, etc.; and two with green-stained furniture, having leaded-glass panels and copper handles—one to be a green-and-blue room, and one a green-and-yellow one. Such rooms, daintily carried out in their accessories, blotting-books, paper-cases, etc., would be a constant source of innocent pride to their owner.

But the liberty of choice falls seldom to the lot of those who live in an inherited home, and are, therefore, compelled to make the best of such bedroom furniture as the house contains. Giving each suite its most flattering setting of wall-paper and paint will, however, often work wonders, and there is, after all, a sense of triumph in overcoming difficulties. Even a sickly buff ash suite, which against a timid little drab-and-white paper looks hopelessly insipid, will, against a brilliant turquoise wall, with yellow rose garland frieze on an ivory ground, seem almost covetable.

In fact, so beautiful in design and color are even the cheap wall-papers and fabrics of to-day that—short of actual trash—no furniture need dismay a woman with a knowledge of decoration and an eye for color. It is, therefore, difficult to look round an “ill-treated” room without marvelling at the perverted ingenuity which conceived and carried out so much ugliness nowadays!

Would that space and opportunity were mine to descant on curtains, coverings, and carpets in their varied relations to the “house beautiful;” but the subject of the home is a vast one, and the more one writes the more remains unwritten.

*Mrs. Talbot Coke.*

## RAILWAYS IN ASIA MINOR.

We regret to see a considerable amount of fretfulness growing up about what is considered the weak quiescence of the Government as to the railways projected in Turkish territory. That quiescence is probably wise, and, at all events, it is expedient to wait until the public mind is less exclusively devoted to occurrences in South Africa, and information has become a little more distinct. What is occurring seems in substance to be this: The German capitalists are convinced that there is a considerable field for the profitable employment of money in Asia Minor, and the German Government, which is singularly amenable to capitalist pressure, is accordingly using its considerable influence with the Sultan in order to obtain the right of constructing certain railways. So far as appears, there is no political plan in these railways, though most of them are near the Mediterranean, the idea being rather to appropriate any concession which will pay, or may pay, rather than to open communications through any carefully devised line. The concessions granted are not yet numerous, though some large plans have been more or less discussed; but they have aroused a certain jealousy in both financial and political circles in St. Petersburg. The Russians always regard Turkey as a kind of reversionary estate, and the government is at once warned against German interference with its ultimate plans, and urged if profit is going, to secure some of it for its own subjects. The Foreign Office of St. Petersburg is, therefore, availing itself of its permanent hold over the Turkish Treasury, through the unsatisfied obligation to pay an indemnity for the last Turkish war, to demand the concession of a prior right to construct any railways which the

Porte may sanction throughout the eastern side of Asia Minor. It is reported that the Sultan, though displeased at the pressure put upon him, is inclined to give way, and, as has so often happened before, Constantinople is the centre of a well-contested diplomatic battle, which in Constantinople is of the last importance. English capitalists and politicians are, therefore, asking why we should not chime in, and why Government is so indifferent to what ought to be the line of communication between Europe and Asia. The anxiety is, perhaps, natural, but not to mention that Government cannot attend to everything at once, or dispute with Europe while occupied in Africa, a little more information would seem to be required.

We have never been quite able to see the political advantage of "direct" railway communication between Great Britain and India. As we must ship troop and supplies in order to move them at all beyond the limits of the island we doubt the advantage of transshipping them before they arrive at their point of destination even if the intermediate road were clear, and it never will be clear. There is no more chance of our being allowed to send troops across France, Italy, Austria, and Turkey than of being allowed to build barracks within those states, and if we cannot send troops by it of what political advantage is a line of railway? As far as our effective strength is concerned it might as well not exist—nay, better, for it is just conceivable that with Austrian and Turkish consent German troops might pass over such a line. While we hold Cairo our military route is almost necessarily through Egypt, and even if Egypt were blocked, which is yearly becoming

more improbable, the route round the Cape is always open, and is in some respects, as Mr. Gladstone once pointed out, the most convenient of all. No enemy can reach India with troops quicker than we can, for, unless we lose command of the sea altogether, no enemy's fleet with troops on board could make its way out of the Red Sea without winning a naval victory. We may, therefore, set the political question definitely aside, and as regards the commercial one, while we see the gain to the Continent from a through railway between Calais and Calcutta, we do not exactly see the advantage to accrue to us. We repeat, being an island we should always have to transship our goods, and a gain of a few days in time would hardly compensate our merchants for the cost and trouble of transshipment, and the expense of a long railway journey across half a dozen countries, each with custom houses of its own which it must protect by worrying precautions. In fact, until Europe is federated, which will not be tomorrow, we fail to see that the direct railway communication about which so many volumes have been written would do us any good. The water is a much easier highway, and much cheaper, and the gain from a slightly increased speed, while most of the goods we export are imperishable, is, at least, problematical.

But we might, it is argued, strike Asia Minor at some point on the Eastern Mediterranean, and by driving a railway down the valley of the Euphrates and through Beluchistan, reach the Indus in ten days. That is barely possible, but as we can already reach Bombay in seventeen without any transshipment or cost for the protection of the route, we do not see any considerable gain, either political or commercial. There would be speedier communication for globe-trotters, no doubt, but nothing can communicate

information quicker than the telegraph, and for troops or heavy goods the water route will do quite sufficiently well. The great ideas of Lieutenant Waghorn and Mr. Andrew, though always fascinating to the promoter, the contractor, and the man of science, belong rather to a day when there were no deep-sea cables, when we were not masters of Egypt with entrance to it from two sides, and when the ambition of France was to be dreaded rather than that of Russia. As things are now, we should be inclined to strengthen our hold on Egypt, to tighten our grip on Mocha, and to let Russia and Germany fight their diplomatic fight over the railways of Asia Minor at their leisure. We cannot prevent Russia from winning in a region so much out of our reach as the East of Asia Minor, and if Germany succeeds in the West she must perforce, in fear of Russia, become our ally. We do not yet know that any railway in Asia Minor will pay, and may rest assured that neither German capitalists nor the German Government are prepared to expend millions over an unprofitable undertaking. At all events we can wait until our hands are more free. There is no advantage to be gained from political fidgetiness, and as to commerce, some of us can remember when traders to the East went about with hands uplifted over the Suez Canal. That ditch, it was proved to demonstration, would transfer the whole trade of Asia to France, Italy and Austria, nothing remaining to Great Britain except levings. We all know those predictions were falsified, and we do not as yet feel satisfied that while our sea-roads are clear our Asiatic trade can be greatly endangered by any diplomatic intrigue at Constantinople. We are always going to suffer from some mysterious plot concocted in a Russian or a German Chancellerie, but somehow our trade re-

turns expand, and Native India, always the objective of the political intriguers, seems disposed to support us with horse, foot, and artillery. Suppose we go on with our work, and let the foreign diplomatists talk over their plans with the Sultan's secretaries, without interfering, except for the purpose of keeping our knowledge fresh.

*The Economist.*

### BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN NAMES.

In fair Provence long, long ago—  
When glad the days and debonair,  
When orange-blossoms scattered snow  
And flung perfume upon the air,  
When earth gave corn and wine to spare,  
And calm content crowned every cot—  
Lived many a maiden sweet and fair  
Whose very name is now forgot.

Garsende in early morning's glow  
Would tend the patient kine with care,  
Bellone the shuttle swift must throw,—  
She weaves what soon a bride she'll wear,—  
Billette and Blonde have vowed to share  
Each grief and joy that marks their lot;  
A lover comes to part the pair  
Whose very name is now forgot!

Proud Audiarde with ample *dot*  
Drives needy suitors to despair;  
Poor Alasie, who proved life's woe,  
Contempt and scorn condemned to bear;  
Doussane, whose wit no swain would dare,  
Disdainful maid, now cold, now hot;  
And Milona, whose golden hair—  
Whose very name—is now forgot!

### ENVOY.

Time; throned upon the Judge's chair  
To weigh each deed, unwind each knot,  
Of these what hast thou to declare  
Whose very names are now forgot?

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

*Dora Cave.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel is entitled "The Farringdons." The scene is laid partly in Staffordshire and partly in London.

Robert Grant's new novel of contemporary American life, called "Unleavened Bread," which the Scribners announce for early publication, is awaited with lively interest.

Stevenson's "Treasure Island" was first published in an English magazine called *Young Folks*, and was then entitled "The Sea Cook." A copy of the volumes of the magazine containing the story was recently sold in London.

From the recent sale of Kelmscott Press books, when nearly two hundred lots, including many duplicates, were sold in one day, *The Athenæum* concludes that the position of these books, from a commercial point of view, may be regarded as unassailable.

It is announced that Mr. Bodley's next volume on France will deal largely with the life and character and influence of the French clergy. It is also announced that Mr. Bodley has consented to write "The Political and Diplomatic History of the Third Republic" for the new supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which the *London Times* has in preparation.

A story recently published by the Putnams, under the title "The American Duchess," by George L. Myers, proves to have been filched bodily from Headon Hill's "Queen of the Night," only the title having been altered. The Putnams accepted the type-written manuscript which the pretended Mr. Myers offered them, with-

out a suspicion as to its genuineness, but since the discovery of the error they have paid royalties to Mr. Hill.

Ruskin and Emerson did not "hit it off together" very well. After a call by Emerson on Ruskin, the latter wrote of the former: "I found his mind a total blank on matters of art;" and Emerson wrote of Ruskin: "I wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a despondency so deep."

An English literary journal recently opened an interesting competition by offering a prize for the best list of six old English words which might be revived with advantage. Among the most striking words thus brought to notice were "commorlent," meaning dying together, and Chaucer's "algate," meaning at any risk.

Two important works of historical interest are on the list of A. C. McClurg & Co. for early publication. One is a translation of "The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland," edited by Edward Gilpin Johnson, and the other is a translation of the "Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I and the Court of Russia," by Madame la Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the ubiquitous and indefatigable, has undertaken the general editorship of a new series which is to deal with the romance and history of the great families of the United Kingdom. He contributes a general preface to the first volume, "The House of Percy," by Mr. Gerald Brenan, and is to write the volume on "The House of Douglas."



A veritable treasure for all who have the care of children is Mrs. E. Frances Soule's "Sunday Afternoons for the Children." It sets forth, clearly and attractively, a variety of plans for pleasing and instructing very little people, and an excellent thing about it is that these devices inevitably suggest others, and give to the book a wider scope than is apparent at first. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

According to *The Athenæum*, Mr. Ruskin was fond of dictating his writing. He used to walk up and down and dictate his long sentences without pause or hesitation, not scrupling to indulge in numerous asides upon quite other topics, which, however, did not in the least confuse the thread of his thoughts or divert his mind from the subject in hand. After the portion he had dictated was on paper, he used to go through the manuscript carefully and often make extensive alterations.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co. announce the early publication of *The Hexaglot Bible*, the distinguishing feature of which is that it will present the Scriptures of the Old Testament in six languages in parallel columns—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, German, and French; and those of the New Testament also in six languages—Greek, Syriac, Latin, English, German, and French. The same house will soon publish "*The Expositors' Bible*," in twenty-five volumes, containing expositions of the Scriptures by some of the most eminent contemporary theologians.

M. Imlay Taylor's latest adventure story, "*The Cardinal's Musketeer*," differs from some modern tales of its class in giving rather more than the usual space to the hero's childhood days, which were spent in the fascinating clock-shop of his foster-father, Jacques

des Horloges. Péron, as he was then called, grows up to become one of Richelieu's favorite aids, and his own advancement is the result of the success of a long-planned vengeance on the part of the Cardinal. The beautiful heroine so indispensable to the novel of adventure is not lacking here. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Dodd, Mead & Co.'s spring list of fiction includes, among other books, Sir Walter Besant's "*The Alabaster Box*;" Mr. Jerome's "*Three Men on Wheels*," which is written in the same vein as "*Three Men in a Boat*;" Mr. Crockett's "*Joan of the Sword Hand*," whose title affords a promise of gory incidents; Max Pemberton's romance "*Feo*;" a group of short stories by Paul Laurence Dunbar, entitled "*The Strength of Gideon*;" and a series of stories by W. Pett Ridge, author of "*By Order of the Magistrate*," which is given the title "*Outside the Radius*."

A study of New England life, rare in its sympathy, its truthfulness and its sense of proportion, is Edwin Asa Dix's "*Deacon Bradbury*," which the Century Co. publishes. The plot turns upon a supposed theft by the Deacon's only son, and the effect of this on the father's religious faith and belief in a just Providence, when he cannot convince himself that his boy is guiltless. The older people of the village—the Deacon and his wife, the Congregational minister, the postmaster, the lawyer—these are given their natural and prominent place, but the young people, young Bradbury's sisters, his avowed friends and his unavowed enemies, are also very real. One of the most striking passages in the book is the account of the Deacon's dismissal from membership in the church, which is true to possibilities almost to the point of appearing to be a transcript from life.